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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Irish Minstrelsy; or, the Bardic Remains of Ireland: with English Poetical Translations. Collected and edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Robins.

It is refreshing to us—as the *Edinburgh Review* was wont to say in the days of its freshness—it is indeed most refreshing to us to meet with an original publication.

This is a work for which the ingenious historian of Galway deserves well of his country; and which we hail with cordiality, notwithstanding the violent party-feeling of the editor peeps out here and there most impertinently in the notes—and who will have it, and from the well-known documents in the *State Paper Office*, too! that the Gunpowder Plot was the contrivance of Cecil (vol. ii. p. 168), and that Father Garnett was, of course, an innocent and much-injured person;—that, in short, all Jesuits and Catholics were simple-hearted, pious, and poetical people; while all Orangemen and Protestants were tyrants, murderers, monsters, and a disgrace to human nature. With the exception of this blot, which is the more to be regretted as Mr. Hardiman's subject called not for the introduction of angry politics, these volumes, full of new and interesting matter, to the English reader in particular, must be most favourably received by all classes.

The truth is, we are yet woefully deficient in our knowledge of the best parts of Irish literature and history: the former has been much neglected, the latter miserably deformed. Of late, instances of a finer taste and a juster spirit have not been rare; and we look forward to a brighter day from the dawn we have seen. These volumes are with great propriety dedicated to Mr. Spring Rice; a man of accomplished mind, and a true friend to Ireland, without that Irish violence of love which is too often fatal to the objects of affection.

An Introduction casts a glance over the most remote traditions of Irish Pagan poetry, and deduces the annals of the harp and song to the present day, referring a good deal to Dr. O'Connor's learned work, printed at Stowe, which we have never had the good fortune to see. From these stores the present selection has been made, and translations given by the late Thomas Furlong, Mr. H. G. Curran, Dr. Hamilton Drummond, Mr. D'Alton, Mr. E. Lawson, and others; of which translations we may truly state that they are generally excellent, some of them surprisingly faithful, few in which the sense has been missed, and a considerable number where it is expressed more periphrastically than literally. The genius of Mr. Furlong, one of the principal contributors, we do not estimate so extravagantly as Mr. Hardiman; though we did think so highly of it as to rescue his memory from inattention by inserting a biographical sketch of him in the *Literary Gazette*, where it will be found at page 540, No. 552, in the year 1827. There

are, however, many beautiful compositions from his pen in these volumes; to which our future pages shall do justice. Pass we, in the mean time, to the second division of Mr. Hardiman's delightful labours, "The Remains of Carolan," who was born about 1670, in the county of Meath, and died in 1738. The author's account of the latter event, and his note on Goldsmith, (one of the brightest stars of Ireland), will afford a taste of his qualities.

"The time," he says, "was now drawing nigh when Carolan was himself to become a subject for the elegiac muse. In the year 1737, his health, which had been long declining, gave evident symptoms of approaching dissolution. At Tempo, finding himself growing weak, he resolved to proceed to Alderford, the house of his old and never-failing friend and patroness, Mrs. M'Dermott, who, though then nearly in her eightieth year, enjoyed excellent health and spirits. By her, in his youth, nearly fifty years before, he was supplied with his first harp and his first horse; and to her, in the decline of life and health, he turned for a sure asylum, and a kind and affectionate reception. Having composed his 'Farewell,' to Maguire, he proceeded on horseback to his friend Counsellor Brady's, near Balinamore, in Leitrim, where he rested for a few days. He then continued his journey, accompanied by several of the neighbouring gentry, and a concourse of the country people, among whom he was always held in the highest veneration, towards Lahire, the seat of Mr. Peyton. Here he stopped for a few moments, and, with tears, took leave of his friends. During the remainder of his journey, it is not improbable that his mind was occupied by thoughts somewhat similar to those afterwards expressed by his countryman, Goldsmith:—"

'In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my grief (and God has given my share),
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.'

At Alderford he was received with the warmth and welcome which have ever characterised Irish friendship. After he had rested a little, he called for his harp. His relaxed fingers for a while wandered feebly over the strings, but soon acquiring a momentary impulse, he played his well-known 'Farewell to Music,' in a strain of tenderness and feeling, which drew tears from the eyes of his auditory. This was his last effort. Nature was subdued; and the dying bard was carried in a state of exhaustion to his room. He lingered for some time. The woman who attended him, and who lived until about the year 1787, used to relate, that to revive or

"Oliver Goldsmith was born, and until his fifteenth year resided, not far from where Carolan spent the greatest part of his life. Although but ten years old at the death of the bard, it is evident that he was well acquainted with his genius and character. This may be deduced even from the trifling Essay on 'Carolan the blind,' which appears in his works; and which, if really written by Goldsmith, confers no great credit on his memory. This ingenious man was descended from one of our 'clerical families,' who were generally a prejudiced class; and his historical works, at least, prove that he never entirely laid aside the prejudices of early education." Oh dear, for prejudice!!!

stimulate decaying nature, he was occasionally indulged with a taste of his favourite beverage, Usquebaugh. His natural vivacity and good humour never forsook him. A few hours before his death, while in the act of stretching forth his hand for the cup, as he humorously said, to give it his farewell kiss, he rolled out of bed on the floor. The female attendant alluded to, stated that after she had replaced him, he observed, with a smile, 'Maudy, I often heard of a person falling when going to the field, but never knew one to fall while lying by myself.' His last moments were spent in prayer, until he calmly breathed his last. When his death was known, it is related that upwards of sixty clergymen of different denominations, a number of gentlemen from the surrounding counties, and a vast concourse of country people, assembled to pay the last mark of respect to their favourite bard. All the houses in Ballyfarnon were occupied by the former, and the people erected tents in the fields round Alderford House. The harp was heard in every direction. The wake lasted four days. On each side of the hall was placed a keg of whisky, which was replenished as often as emptied. Old Mrs. M'Dermott herself joined the female mourners who attended to weep, as she expressed herself, 'over her poor gentleman, the head of all Irish music.' On the fifth day his remains were brought forth, and the funeral was one of the greatest that for many years had taken place in Connacht. He was interred in the M'Dermott Roe's vault, in their chapel, at the east end of the old church of Kilonan. On opening the grave in 1750, to receive the remains of a Catholic clergyman, whose dying request was to be interred with the bard, the skull of the latter was taken up. The Hon. Thomas Dillon, brother to John, Earl of Roscommon, caused it to be perforated a little in the forehead, and a small piece of ribband to be inserted, in order to distinguish it from similar disinterred remnants of mortality. It was placed in a niche over the grave, where it long remained an object of veneration, several persons having visited the church for the sole purpose of seeing this relic of a man so universally admired for his musical talents. At length, in the year, 1796, it disappeared. A person on horseback, and in the garb of a gentleman, but supposed to have been a northern Orangeman, came to the church, and desired to see it. It was brought from the niche, and, watching his opportunity, he discharged a loaded pistol at it, by which it was shattered to pieces.* Then,

"Notwithstanding this act, and although the people of Kilonan shew some fragments which they assert to be those of the skull, yet it is confidently stated that it may be seen, perfect and entire, in the museum at Castledwell, county Fermanagh, having been presented to Sir John Caldwell by the late George Nugent Reynolds, Esq., who took it privately from Kilonan for the purpose. This, however, may be doubted. Mrs. M'Namara, the sister of Mr. Reynolds, does not believe it; never having heard it mentioned in her family until lately; and thinks it must be some other person, which her brother, who was a facetious gentleman, imposed on the comiser, by way of joke, for that of Carolan. A cast of the Castledwell relic is about being sent to the philologists of Edinburgh; but, probably, the portrait prefixed to this volume would prove more satisfactory to those gentlemen."

damning all Irish papists, he rode away. Some neighbouring gentlemen pursued him as far as Cashcargin, in the county of Leitrim; and from their excited feelings at the moment, it was perhaps fortunate that he escaped. This brutal act could be perpetrated only through the demoniac spirit of party rage which then disgraced this unhappy country."

Of the portrait alluded to in the preceding note, and an engraving from which is an appropriate frontispiece to this work, we find the following history:—

"Dean Massey (the dean of Limerick, whom Carolan visited in 1721.) wishing to retain some memorial of a man whose genius and amiable manners excited at once his admiration and esteem, caused this portrait to be painted by a Dutch artist, who was then in the neighbourhood. It continued in possession of the family until the death of the late General Massey, who prized it so highly, that he carried it with him wherever he went. Upon his death, in Paris, in 1780, the picture was brought back to Ireland; and, in 1809, was sold to the celebrated Walter Cox, editor and publisher of the *Irish Magazine*. Mr. Cox having afterwards presented it to Thomas Finn, Esq. of Carlow, that excellent and patriotic gentleman kindly communicated it to the writer, who expressed a desire to have it engraved and preserved as a national relic. With that view, he caused an accurate copy to be taken, which he presented to an ingenious Dublin artist, Mr. Martyn, on the sole condition that it should be well engraved. Mr. Martyn published his engraving in 1822, (of the same size as the original, which is painted on copper, about 8 inches by 6,) and dedicated it to the Marquess Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. George Petrie, Esq. of Dublin, whose acquaintance with the history and antiquities of this country is, perhaps, only surpassed by his knowledge of the arts of painting and sculpture, in which he so eminently excels, thinks it probable that the original portrait was painted by Vander Hagen, a distinguished Dutch artist, who was at that time in Ireland."

Of Carolan we shall only add Ritson's testimony, that he was a true representative of the Irish bards; and though this memoir of him is pleasant enough, notwithstanding its party perversions, we could well wish to see another, which should not forget, for example, the poet's celebrated distich on a gentleman's butler, who had displeased him by want of the genuine Irish virtue, hospitality:—

What a pity Hell's gates are not kept by O'Flinn!
For so surly a dog would let nobody in!

The poems are printed in the Irish language and type on one page, and the translation opposite. The following (by Furlong, from Carolan,) will remind our readers of the living lyrist of Ireland:—

"The Cup of O'Hara.

"Oh! were I at rest
Amidst Arran's green isles,
Or in climes where the summer
Unchangingly smiles;
Though treasures and dainties
Might come at a call,
Still, O'Hara's full cup
I would prize more than all.

But why would I say
That my choice it must be,
When the prince of our fathers
Hath lov'd it like me:
Then come, jolly Turlough,
Where friends may be found;
And our Kian we'll pledge,
As that cup goes around."

Bridget O'Malley (by the same) is another favourite with us.

"Dear maid, thou hast left me in anguish to smart,
And pangs, worse than death, pierce my love-stricken heart;
Thou flower of Tírrell, still, still must I pine,
Oh! where, my O'Malley, blooms beauty like thine?"

On a mild dewy morn in the autumn I rovd,
I stray'd o'er the pathway where stray'd my belov'd.
Oh! why should I dwell on the bliss that is past?
But the kiss I had there I must prize to the last.

The sunbeams are beauteous when on flower-beds they play,
And sweet seem young roses as they bloom on the spray;
The white-bosom'd lilies thrice lovely we call;
But my true love is brighter, far brighter than all.

I'm young, and a bridegroom soon destin'd to be,
But short is my course, love! if bless'd not with thee:
On Sunday, at dusk, by Rath-leave shall I stray,
May I meet thee, my sweetest, by chance on the way?

In gloom and in sorrow my days must go by,
At night on my pillow in anguish I sigh;
Hope springs not—peace comes not—sleep flees from me there—
Oh! when comes my lov'd one, that pillow to share?"

In a note upon a song of no great worth, though descriptive of a drinking bout, and entitled "Maggy Laidir," the author gets patriotically indignant against the Scots for stealing, purloining, plundering, and riving Irish music.

"The air (he asserts) as well as the words of Maggy Laidir, though long naturalised in North Britain, is Irish. When our Scottish kinsmen were detected appropriating the ancient saints of Ireland, (would that they rid us of some modern ones!) they took a fancy to its music. Not satisfied with borrowing the art, they despoiled us of some of our sweetest airs, and amongst others that of *Maggy Laidir*. This name signifies in the original, strong or powerful Maggy, and by it was meant Ireland, also designated by our bards under the names of *Sheela na Guira*, *Granna Weale*, *Roisin Dubh*, &c. By an easy change, the adjective *laidir*, strong, was converted into *Lauder*, the patronymic of a Scotch family; and the air was employed to celebrate a famous courtesan of Crail. Although Ireland was always famous for sanctity and music, and could spare liberally of both, yet our countrymen ever felt indignant at the unacknowledged appropriation of many of their favourite saints and airs by their northern relatives. . . . Of these, two, from their celebrity, deserve particular notice, viz. 'Planxty Davis,' since well known as the 'Battle of Killieranky,' and a prelude to the 'breach' of Aughrim, universally admired, under the name of 'Farewell to Lochaber.'"

But let us leave literary, and, what are worse, musical disputes; and return, for a short space, to Carolan. Mr. H. says: "that Carolan was a man of irreproachable morals, and even of a religious turn, we have been already assured by the best authority. The following little prayer, or rather pious stanza, has been attributed to him; how truly I know not. It has, however, been considered worth preserving.

"Oh, King of wounds! oh, Son of heaven! who died
Upon the cross, to save the things of clay—
Oh, thou whose veins pour'd forth the crimson tide,
To wash the stains of fallen man away:
Oh, thou whose heart did feel the blind one's spear,
While down to earth the atoning current flow'd!
Deign, gracious Lord, thy creature's cry to hear!
Shield me, and snatch me to thy bright abode."

In spite of this, however, we see sufficient proof in the biography, that if Carolan was a saint, he was, at any rate, a wet one.

Our next quotation is a remarkably curious canoie: it is entitled, "Elegy on the Death of Denis Mac Carthy."

"The sigh and wail of Inisfall! her hero is no more,
In the cold clay the good, the great, lies weltering in his gore:
Ah fatal shot! each noble stem with him is now laid low,
The lord of vast and rich domains—unutterable woe!"

Wo wide and wild through Muskry's vales! beneath the
moss-gray stone, [alone]
The prince of Cashel's regal branch lies powerless and
His keen-edged blade in battle's front flashed withering
lightnings round; [sounded]
His matchless might and hardihood be evermore re-
Renowned, conspicuous in the van, while trumpets pealed
to arms, [arms]
Waved his bright crest, till death's sad hour invincible in
Yet mercy staved his conquering hand, still generous and
just—

Alas! our stately pine lies stretched in ruin on the dust.
Dust hides the comeliest of mankind, munificent and
brave, [dear to save;
Who never failed his friends from foes and dungeons
The great and learned he entertained, and all their worth
combined; [lies enshrined]
'Neath yon gray stone that marks his grave each virtue
Enshrined with this illustrious branch of Carthy's vigor-
ous tree, [who kept us free:
Our prop, our spear, and shield, from wrong and want
A foaming torrent when aroused, he swept the embattled
plains:
The country's desolate!—not one of all his race remains.
Remains? ah yes! Immured for life in solitude they pine,
The last of Munster's genuine stock, Mac Carthy's royal
line:
Disimulation and deceit were odious in his sight,
Oh! with his funeral torch is quenched our clergy's holy
light.

Light, vigorous, and erect his form, of symmetry the
mould, [bold]
Created to command and charm the beauteous and the
The berries' glow through new-fallen snow was blended
in his cheek, [meek]
His gracious smile proclaimed his soul benevolent and
Meek but majestic in his mien—oh death! thou, only
thou, [ing brow:
Durst unabashed, unawed, confront that calm command-
Grim spoiler, hence! who Erin plunged in deep and cure-
less anguish—

The last of our Iberian line, alas! in bondage languish.
Languish! oh melancholy tale! defeated, in disgrace,
In dens and chains the last remains of lordly lion race;
And, worst of woes, our spear and shield, prime leader of
the Gael, [and trait.
Mac Carthy More is lost, and long we're doomed to sigh

The peculiarity of this composition is, that it "is written in a species of verse anciently called *Conachlong*; but in more modern times *Dan-plabhna*, *linked verse*, because every stanza must begin with the same word that ends the preceding one; and the poem itself must conclude with the same word with which it begins. This was invented to prevent interpolation; but it also shews whether the composition be perfect or not." The linking of the verses is preserved with felicitous fidelity in the translation; and we will place by it another admirable specimen, in overcoming a difficulty of a somewhat similar kind.

"Carroll O'Daly and Echo.

Carroll. Speak, playful echo, speak me well—
For thou know'st all our care;
Thou sweet responding sibil, tell,
Who works this strange affair?
Echo. A—fair!

A fair—no, no, I've felt the pain
That but from love can flow;
And never can my heart again
That magic thralldom know.
Echo. No.

Ah! then, if envy's eye has ceased
To mar my earthly bliss—
Speak consolation to my breast,
If remedy there is.
Echo. There is.

Gay, witty spirit of the air,
If such relief be nigh,
At once the secret spell declare,
To lull my wasted eye.
Echo. To die.

To die! and if it be my lot,
It comes in hour of need;
Death wears no terror but in thought—
'Tis innocent in deed.
Echo (surprised). Indeed!

Indeed, 'tis welcome to my woes,
Thou airy voice of fate;
But, ah! to none on earth disclose
What thou prognosticate.
Echo (playfully). To Kate.

To Kate?—the devil's on your tongue,
To scare me with such thoughts;
To her, oh! could I hazard wrong,
Who never knew her faults?
Echo. You are false.

If thy Narcissus could awake
Such doubts, he were an ass
If he did not prefer the lake,
To humouring such a lass.

Echo. Alas!

A thousand sighs and rites of woe
Attend thee in the air;
What mighty grief can feed thee so
In weariless despair?

Echo. Despair.

Despair—not for Narcissus' lot,
Who once was thy delight;
Another in his place you've got,
If our report is right.

Echo. 'Tis right.

Dear little sorceress, farewell—
I feel thou told'st me true;
But as thou'st many a tale to tell,
I bid thee now adieu.

Echo. Adieu!"

The following is very national:—

"Mary A Room.

My sweet apple-blossom, dear Mary, beware,
Lest the Munster man's flattery your heart should en-
snare;

His tongue is so oily, so roguish his eyes,
In one hour they would tell you whole hundreds of lies.

Much rather I'd see you for ever a maid,
A pale rose of the wilderness, languish and fade,
Than exposed to a rover, whose profligate arts
Seduce simple virgins and break their poor hearts.

How fondly I fancied that blooming in youth,
You'd be led by my voice, and inspired by my truth;
Each fair sunny morn, when all nature look'd gay,
You shone the clear gem that illumined my way.

With you the wild nut-groves delighted I'd range,
Immersed in soft raptures, and fearless of change;
Oh! treasure of treasures, were you my reward,
With the soft hand of love your fair bosom I'd guard.

Last feast of Saint Bridget, ah! can you forget,
When on Mullamore's summit transported we met;
But now you have plunged me in sorrowful gloom,
And hopeless of healing I sink to the tomb.

Sore, sore is my heart, it is rent to the core,
Beside Murneen Bawn I must never lean more;
Thou star of mild lustre, my prayer do not slight,
By day all my thoughts, all my visions by night.

Admiring, adoring, imploring thy ray,
My heart's blood grows congealed, and I wither away;
But, alas! you disdain me!—then break, oh my heart!
My treasure of treasures for ever to part."

But we have quoted this song as much for
the note upon it:—

"Let not the Munster man deceive thee,
my love! The persuasive powers of some of
our southern countrymen have long been pro-
verbial. My worthy friend, Mr. Brewer, in
his *Beauties of Ireland*, informs us, that in the
highest part of the castle of Blarney, in the
county of Cork, is a stone which is said to have
the power of imparting to the person who
kisses it, the unenviable privilege of hazarding,
without a blush, that species of romantic asser-
tion which may be termed falsehood. This
statement is not, however, altogether correct.
To the well-known 'Blarney stone' there is,
no doubt, attributed the virtue of imparting to
whoever, at the hazard of his neck, shall ven-
ture to kiss it, not the privilege of uttering
falsehood, as stated, but an indomitable propen-
sity towards practising the gentle, yet all
effective, art of flattery—to praise 'in season,
and out of season;' and against this dangerous
quality, our fair female is cautioned in the
words of the song. I cannot avoid observing
here, that vulgar stories of this kind, which
reflect on the morals or character of a people,
should ever be treated with the contempt they
deserve. In the despicable pages of the de-
ceived and deceiving 'travellers' who libel our
country, and the fry of conceited English or
cockney 'tourists,' *et hoc genus omne*, which
annually visits our shores, I should not be sur-
prised to meet with such trash; but to find it
gravely detailed in the work of so learned and
enlightened a writer as Brewer, is certainly
matter of just regret."

Really, Mr. Hardiman, we cannot stand this.
Why disturb our faith in Blarney? By our
faith, we will not have it disturbed! Did not

the bare tradition take Sir Walter Scott on a
pilgrimage, to pray in the groves and to kiss
the stone?

Being on antiquarian points, we here insert
a notice respecting Irish hermitages and their
remaining vestiges.

"A small plate of copper in my possession,
lately dug up at Ayle, in the county of Clare,
(the seat of James Mac Namara, Esquire, by
whom it has been obligingly communicated,)
bears the following inscription, engraven in
Irish characters, under the date 1041, all dis-
tinctly legible.

Worldling, away! the frugal dish—the book
Of holy truths—the beads—the hermit's cloak,
Can tempt thee not—the locks that shade his brow,
The power that whitened guards—profane not thou.

This curious piece of antiquity is supposed to
have been affixed to the entrance of one of these
penitential retreats. Milton's sonnet, 'When
the assault was intended on the city,' may
here occur to the recollection of the reader."

We have a great deal yet to say to these
valuable volumes; but as the last quotation in
which we shall indulge this week is of great
and immediate political importance, we beg
especially to supplicate attention to it from the
King, Lords, and Commons, the people of
England and the people of Ireland. It relates
to the coming coronation of Dan. O'Connell.

"According to the bard, Kenneth O'Hartigan,
anno 950, Inisfail, one of the early names of
this Island, was derived from the *lia fail*, or
'Stone of Destiny,' brought from the East, and
once so celebrated in Ireland and Scotland.
See Keating, for the wonderful virtues of the
Lia fail, which, for many ages was as much
venerated in Ireland, as was Jacob's stone in
the temple at Jerusalem, by Christian and
Moslem; or the famous black stone at Mecca,
for centuries before the time of Mahomet. This
Irish relic is, at present, to be seen in the co-
ronation chair at Westminster Abbey, where it
is shewn as Jacob's pillow or pillar; for the
learned antiquaries of Westminster do not allow
that it has any connexion with Ireland. In
this they may be right as to the stone now in
their possession, for it is confidently asserted by
a worthy friend of mine, who has obliged the
world with many well-intended publications,
that the real *Lia fail* has been abstracted from
the coronation chair by some zealous Gaelic
patriots, who have replaced it with the stone at
present exhibited. It is further surmised that
it may, by due diligence, be traced, strange
turn of destiny! to the buildings of the Catho-
lic Association; and, stranger still, that it is
there religiously preserved, by those Irish de-
magogues, to crown their great leader on it,
who by facetious anticipation is already known
by the name of *King O'Connell—Diu viva!*
Rex!!"

And all the people answered, **LONG LIFE
KING DAN THE FIRST!!!**

*The Topography and Antiquities of Rome; in-
cluding the recent Discoveries made about the
Forum and the Via Sacra.* By the Rev.
Richard Burgess. 2 vols. 8vo. London,
1831. Longman and Co.

To the classical student this is a valuable book
—to the classical traveller an invaluable one.
Many years of life have passed away from us,
with their hours of pain and moments of en-
joyment, since we last looked upon the "mo-
ther of dead nations," Rome. Our memory is,
however, still pleasantly charged with the
sensations of that period, when, with the highly
tempered enthusiasm of emerging boyhood, and
an unsatisfied thirst for a deeper acquaintance

with the artful Greek and glorious Roman than
a classical education in this country was wont
to afford, we proceeded, under the guidance of
the worthy and well-known Antonio Nibbi, to
explore the relics of "almighty Rome." It is
impossible to deny but that this our course of
proceeding was replete with interest and in-
struction, and amply repaid the labour and
expense. Signor Nibbi's acute reasoning and
extensive reading, when applied in illustrating
or identifying the various monuments or their
sites, was in itself a high gratification; but
still the dogmatism of a Jonathan Oldbuck
would not unfrequently display itself, and con-
demn us to a waste of time in listening to
tedious dissertations and learned triflings upon
points of no passing interest, and merely
dragged forward because Carlo Fea, or some
other antiquary, had arrived at a different
conclusion.

We sighed for a written oracle subservient
to history and useful information, which should
be above the dry minutiae of the antiquary,
or the littleness of the vagrant tourist, with
which we might sally forth alone into the
chaos of ruin, and indulge, if thus inclined,
in the noblest of man's recreations—reflection!
We might look in vain for a fitter field. Sub-
sequent years have made no alteration in our
opinions as to the advantage of such a work;
and although we are not exactly prepared to
pronounce that the extent of our wishes has
been fulfilled, yet these volumes accomplish
more, infinitely more, than their predecessors.
In the words of their reverend author, "they
investigate the site of ancient Rome; they give
a fair and impartial account of the ruins; they
connect as much as possible the monuments
with the history of Rome; and they direct the
learned reader to the proper sources for ex-
tending his knowledge on the subject."

With regard to authorities, we are inclined
to think the author is too much disposed to
rely on Dionysius, whose testimony Niebuhr
has so reasonably shaken in his great history,
and which we think, in some instances, might
have been referred to with advantage. The
most defective part of the work is the disserta-
tion on the periods of the decay and destruc-
tion of the monuments, which might, in our
opinion, from its great interest and hitherto
partial development, have been carried much
farther; to this should have been appended, a
succinct account of the excavations and dis-
coveries from Raphael, who first conceived the
great idea of recovering and securing from
destroying barbarism and time all that remained
of ancient Rome to the present period. Many
of the monuments known to have existed in
the sixteenth century, have again disappeared;
some entirely lost, while others have since be-
come the objects of a new discovery. When
the tomb of the Scipios was laid open in the
year 1780, it became indisputable that it had
been visible and accessible at the former period,
as one of the inscriptions found therein had
been published by Doni, a century previously,
in his collection. The tombs on the Aurelian
way were likewise known to the learned of the
sixteenth century, as the Greek and Latin in-
scription taken from them is to be found in
Muratori. They were discovered a second time
in the villa Pamfili so late as 1819.

This is sufficient to shew the strange vicissi-
tudes which befall even inanimate things, and
with what interest the subject might be pur-
sued. With respect to what has latterly taken
place in the shape of excavation at Rome, as
little has been done, more is required to be
said. Papal poverty, or papal policy, forbids

the prompt execution of designs, which, if carried into effect, would, in a brief space of time, bring to light all the buried majesty of Rome; while private undertakings, which appear to have proceeded from no nobler motives than vanity or avarice, have been long the laughter of the many, but the gain of the few. How much more efficacious would it be, could a spirit of nationality be infused into such an enterprise as the entire excavation of the Forum Romanum and its vicinity! Suppose a subscription, opened in the name of the different kingdoms, whose subjects chiefly visit the eternal city, and let separate portions of the great work be assigned to each, we trust that England would not be the rearmost. But, returning to our critical task, we cannot refrain from noticing how greatly our author is indebted to Signor Giuseppe Pardini, architect of Lucca, for the talent and ingenuity displayed by him in a restored plan of the temple of Venus and Rome: the site of which has been recently cleared. As regards a specimen of the work before us, we find ourselves beset with difficulty: however, nothing new can be expected by the most eager novelty hunters from volumes which profess only to treat of what is old; so we select as follows:—

"There remains not the shadow of a doubt that the ancient direction of the Via Appia is preserved in the road which leads to the ruins called Roma Vecchia, distant about five miles from Rome: it is indicated by the remains of sepulchral monuments continually occurring on each side of the way. It must ever have been confined in the valley through which we now pass. It is bedrope by an ornamented, if not a triumphal arch; and, for the last and surest proof of all, we shall find many vestiges of its original pavement. This road was first constructed by Appius Claudius the censor, 310 years before the Christian era: it was, indeed, repaired by the Emperor Trajan; but, about nine hundred years after its foundation, the secretary of Belisarius saw it in all its pristine solidity. So durable is 'the queen of roads,' that between Rome and Capua may often be seen the very foundations and materials of which it was built: it will be so seen near the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The substructions in the valley of Aricia are still the wonder of posterity: it traversed the Pontine marshes by the well-known places of the Three Taverns and Appii Forum; and the first town in the Neapolitan territory is built amongst its everlasting silex stones. The description given of this road by Procopius, in the sixth century of the Christian era, may here be seasonably inserted:—'To traverse the Appian way,' says that historian, 'is a distance of five days' journey for an active traveller; and it leads from Rome to Capua. Its breadth is such, that two chariots may meet upon it, and pass each other without interruption; and its magnificence surpasses that of all other roads. For the construction of this great work, Appius caused the materials to be fetched from a great distance, so as to have all the stones hard and of the nature of millstones, such as are not to be found in this part of the country. Having ordered this material to be smoothed and polished, the stones were cut in corresponding angles, so as to fit together in jointures without the intervention of copper or any other material to bind them; and in this manner they were so firmly united, that in looking at them, one would say they had not been put together by art, but had grown so upon the spot. And after the wearing of so many ages, being traversed daily by a multitude of vehicles and all

sorts of cattle, they still remain unmoved; nor can the least trace of ruin or waste be observed upon these stones; neither do they appear to have lost any of their beautiful polish;—and such is the Appian way.' Twelve centuries since the time it was so, have not entirely defaced it; and perhaps the children of ages yet to come may tread the pavement of the Via Appia. Still, no more shall the conqueror be seen moving along this road to enter the city in triumph; nor will the steps of the temple ever again be crowded to welcome the return of a Cicero from exile: the solemn stillness which now pervades the precincts of the Appian way is more appalling than the thunder of Pompey's triumphal chariot, which once shook its pavement; and the solitude withal, which seems to increase at every step, effectually proclaims the more durable conquest of time. But, the cypress-tree announces the sepulchre in which were entombed the ashes of the Scipios. In the year 1616 was discovered the first indication of this interesting monument; viz. an inscription, written upon peperine stone in reddish characters, and which is now preserved in the Barberini library. It was generally believed by the antiquaries of that day to be spurious, which might be the reason why no further search was made, until a second inscription was turned up in the year 1780. Encouraged by this new discovery, the excavators relinquished not their labour until they had restored to light the illustrious ashes concealed for so many generations. The intimations of Livy and Cicero, as to the situation of the Scipios' tomb, were then understood; and the Porta Capena brought within the present walls of Rome. The illustration of this sepulchre fell to the lot of Piranesi: he attempted to make a ground plan of it; but his creative genius could do no more than give a representation of several recesses, cut at irregular intervals out of the natural tufa. He found six 'sarcophagi,' more or less perfect, in their original places; and several recesses hollowed out of the rock, appropriated for containing more bodies. Only one place was found seemingly adapted for a cinerary urn; which circumstance confirms the remarks of Cicero and Pliny, that the Scipios were not accustomed to burn the bodies of their deceased relations. The modern entrance into the sepulchral cave is nearly opposite to the ancient one; and in descending we may observe on our right a specimen of the natural rock, which has either originally prevented regularity in the ground-work, or prevents us now from ascertaining it. Most of the recesses above alluded to lay also on the right in thus descending; and after passing several of them we shall arrive at some walls of brick, which have been recently built for the purpose of sustaining the tufa above. The inscriptions now to be read over the respective depositories are faithful copies of the originals, which have been all transferred to the Vatican; and are to be seen, along with the perfect sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus and the small laureled bust, in the Sala del Torso. At the end of our subterranean descent is the ancient entrance into the sepulchre, which is turned towards the Via Latina, and probably communicated with that road by a narrow footway or 'diverticulum.' The ingress was by a vault, which led to a solid-built arch, composed of eleven blocks of peperine stone: upon this rests a plain cornice, on which was discovered the Doric base of a column, indicating a second story; but nothing of the upper part remains. At the distance of about forty Roman palms, on the same side of the tomb,

was found a second entrance, which seems to have been cut afterwards for some local purpose: not improbably might it be made when this sepulchre passed into the possession of others. In retracing our steps to the light, we shall find an additional building of brick. The vestiges of a stair-case lead to three chambers, two of which may be entered with safety. The construction of these rooms is not of a very inferior kind; but the remains of the stucco betray an advanced period of the empire. The various inscriptions, bearing the names of unknown persons, doubtless belonged to this more recent building; and perhaps necessity, rather than ambition, might prompt the intruders thus to mingle their ashes with those of the Scipios."

"The Mole of Hadrian has been the citadel of Rome ever since the fall of the Western Empire; and is therefore so connected with the sieges and vicissitudes of the city, that it would form a history of itself. Very little, however, is known of this remarkable monument until it ceased to bear its original character. We are simply informed by the biographer of Hadrian, that he made a sepulchre near the Tyber. Dion Cassius, more explicit, says, the emperor was interred close by the river, near the Elia bridge, for there he had built himself a tomb. That of Augustus, he adds, was full, and no one was buried in it after Trajan's time. It is generally supposed this mausoleum was built in the gardens of Domitia, Nero's aunt, because Antoninus Pius is said to have transferred the mortal remains of Hadrian from Baiae, and placed them with respect and reverence in those gardens; but the real account is this: Hadrian's body was first buried in a temporary sepulchre at Puteoli in Cicero's villa; it was afterwards transported to Rome, and laid in state in the gardens of Domitia, and finally interred in his mausoleum; but it is no where said it was in those gardens; they, more probably, were on the Monte Pincio, where we have shewn Nero was buried; and which the emperor Aurelian, alternately with the Sallustian gardens, preferred for his residence to the Palatine hill. After Hadrian, the mausoleum received the ashes of all the Antonines, as appears from inscriptions; and by the order of Pertinax, the body of Commodus, after being dragged through the Tyber, was buried in it. Hadrian, it seems, left it unfinished; for it is enumerated among the works of his successor. It probably continued to be the imperial sepulchre until the time of Septimius Severus. Procopius is the first writer who gives any description of it; and, speaking of an assault made by the Goths on the Aurelian gate, he writes thus:—'The tomb of the emperor Hadrian is situated outside the Porta Aurelia, about a stone's cast distant from the bulwarks of the city. It is an object worthy of our consideration. It is built of Parian marble, and the blocks fit close to one another, without any thing between to bind them. It has four equal sides, about a stone's throw in length; its altitude rises above the city walls: on the top are statues of the same kind of marble,—admirable figures of men and horses. The men of old time (because it appeared advantageous for the defence of the city) joined it with the bulwarks by two walls, thus making it a part of the fortifications; so that it had the appearance of a lofty tower covering the gate.' But we have to add from the same writer, that those beautiful statues were torn from their pedestals and hurled against the besiegers below. To this account of Belisarius's secretary scarcely any

thing since has been added. The anonymous of the thirteenth century says it was faced with marble; and he speaks of gilded peacocks and a bull, of bronze doors and horses, which he perhaps never saw. But what says John of Antioch? The statue of Hadrian in a car drawn by four horses stood on the top, so large that a full grown man might pass through one of the horses' eyes! On the bronze doors of St. Peter's there is a representation of the Mole, made in the days of Pope Eugenius by Antonio Pollajo, that is about 1431. In Camucci's sketch, made a century after, some of the cornice is indicated, which he says was embellished with ox-heads and festoons; and on the frieze two inscriptions were read belonging to Commodus and Lucius Verus. There has been a constant tradition, that the beautiful columns which so lately stood in St. Paul's basilica, were placed round the different belts or stories.* We have the designs of artists in modern times, and especially those of the never-failing Piranesi; but all these things fetch back but little of what has now disappeared that we cannot equally supply from our own observations. The Fort S. Angelo stands upon an immense square basement, one side of which was excavated in the year 1825, and discovered to be of peperine stone and of brick. At the same time was laid open a regularly-constructed shore or passage of communication, about five feet high, running nearly parallel with the base for a length at least of 300 feet. We recollect penetrating to the end of this passage, where there were several rude chambers; and descending by a few steps were some others of a like construction. From the breaches made in the walling, and subsequently filled up, it was clear these places had been opened at a late period. They did not seem to have any connexion with the tomb of Hadrian, but rather to have existed previous to it. The vaults and sides were covered with rude plaster, so that they were evidently more than mere grottoes; for what purpose, except they were sepulchres, it was impossible to declare. Upon this large square basement rises the round tower, the wonder and strength of papal Rome. Long since deprived of all its original ornament, it exhibits outwardly only the solid construction of peperine stone; and that is almost concealed by the additional works that have been found necessary to constitute a fortress and a state prison. The upper part is all modern, and perhaps ascends as high as the mausoleum originally was, of which it gives no bad representation. It is crowned by the celebrated angel ready to sheathe his sword, and the entrance is guarded by drawbridges and sentinels. Within the last ten years the corridor or passage up to the sepulchral chamber has been entirely excavated; and, with the aid of torches, we may descend from the present staircase, beginning about the level of the sepulchral chamber, to the original entrance into the tomb, which is just opposite to the bridge. This corridor is about eleven feet wide and thirty in height, built of the finest brickwork, and has been faced with precious marbles, of which continual fragments have been found, and the traces are still left on the walls. The flooring has been mosaic: some specimens still exist in the original places. The passage was lighted

from above by those openings, called in Italian 'abbaini,' which are cut through the mass of the tomb in pyramidal forms; the light is of course now excluded by the modern building, which covers them up. Where those 'abbaini' occur, we may observe the immense thickness of the walls; and over the arches the length of the bricks (not less than six feet) is distinguished in one place where a breach has been made for some temporary purpose. It will be seen that the internal material is not a heterogeneous mixture, 'ad emplecton,' like most other large sepulchres, but the same regular-built brickwork is carried through the whole mass; so that as a monument of labour it must have excelled all others of the kind we are acquainted with. After having nearly made the circuit of the tomb by descending this spiral corridor, we arrive at the original entrance, which, as has been said, faces the Ponte S. Angelo. A lofty arch of travertine stone forms the ingress; this leads into a more spacious vestibule. Opposite to where the door has been is a large niche, which doubtless contained the statue of the emperor: a colossal head, now in the Vatican, and a hand, discovered in the more recent excavations, perhaps belonged to the said statue. The white mark on the sides of the entrance arch will shew from what height the excavations began. Notwithstanding the admirable masonry of which Procopius speaks, (and, indeed, so closely united are those blocks of stone, that it would be difficult to insert the point of a knife between them,) it appears from the many holes visible in the walls, that they have had a covering of marble; and many fragments of cornices and other decorations are now lying as they were found by the excavators. On the left of the entrance are some square openings leading to other apartments; but without digging farther, it cannot be pronounced what these might be: the one, however, on the left hand of the niche is accessible; it seems to have been a small dependence; probably for depositing instruments of sacrifice, or machines used in the interments: there is also lying a fragment of a cinerary vase of marble with some letters upon it. In re-ascending this passage to the place where we entered, it will be borne in mind that we are advancing towards the sepulchral chamber by the original way; where the modern staircase now meets the corridor it ceases to be circular, and we shall observe the arch continues horizontally. Supposing the whole fabric of the modern steps to be away, we should at once proceed along the same level to the sepulchral chamber; but as it is, we ascend until we find ourselves near the top of its vault; it occupies a space of about twenty-five feet square: it has been, and is still, lighted by a window on each side, which exhibits at the same time the thickness of the walls. By descending into the cells beneath the steps, we shall see the lateral niches, and in one of them the ancient level has been come at. In the cell on the left of the staircase, and which is more habitable, the French consuls were imprisoned in the revolution. Any thing higher than the sepulchral chamber is not ancient. We shall only observe, that, in leaving it, we pass through the original square door, which, like the rest, is of solid stone. And such is the Mole of Hadrian: our imagination, aided by the little description left on record, can alone tell us what it was. We may, however, add the valuable objects which are either known or believed to have belonged to it; such as the large sarcophagus of black and white granite

in the Museo Pio-Clementino, with the busts of Hadrian and Pallas; the beautiful Barberini faun, and the dancing faun, in the Florentine gallery; the large basin of porphyry which forms the baptismal fount in St. Peter's; the urn of the same materials, which was taken away for the tomb of Pope Innocent II.; and whatever else may be dispersed abroad with a doubtful title to its origin."

We now take our leave of Mr. Burgess's work, recommending it most strongly to the classical scholar's attention, be he at home or abroad.

The Eventful History of the Mutiny of the Bounty. Family Library, Vol. XXV
London, 1831. J. Murray.

This is a volume altogether of intense interest; though most of the particulars of the piratical seizure of the *Bounty* are familiar to the public. Yet, Mr. Barrow, for it is to that able writer we are indebted for this narrative, has imparted so much of force and feeling to the account, and made several additions of so attractive a character, that we have found ourselves impelled to read the whole to the end, with the same degree of curiosity and emotion as if the story had been entirely new.

With this high and general praise, however, we shall be guided in our illustrations by the appearance of the greatest novelty; and in this light we could select nothing more striking than the letters relative to Mr. Heywood,* the midshipman, when he was brought home in irons from Otaheite for trial. "The letters of his sister, Nessy Heywood, (says Mr. Barrow), of which a few will be inserted in the course of this narrative, exhibit so lively and ardent an affection for her beloved brother, are couched in so high a tone of feeling for his honour, and confidence in his innocence, and are so nobly answered by the suffering youth, that no apology seems to be required for their introduction, more especially as their contents are strictly connected with the story of the ill-fated crew of the *Bounty*. After a state of long suspense, this amiable and accomplished young lady thus addresses her brother:—

* Isle of Man, 2d June, 1792.

"In a situation of mind only rendered supportable by the long and painful state of misery and suspense we have suffered on his account, how shall I address my dear, my fondly beloved brother!—how describe the anguish we have felt at the idea of this long and painful separation, rendered still more distressing by the terrible circumstances attending it! Oh! my ever dearest boy, when I look back to that dreadful moment which brought us the fatal intelligence that you had remained in the *Bounty* after Mr. Bligh had quitted her, and were looked upon by him as a mutineer!—when I contrast that day of horror with my present hopes of again beholding you, such as my most sanguine wishes could expect, I know not which is the most predominant sensation,—pity, compassion, and terror for your sufferings, or joy and satisfaction at the prospect of their being near a termination, and of once more embracing the dearest object of our affections. I will not ask you, my beloved brother, whether you are innocent of the dreadful crime of mutiny; if the transactions of that day were as Mr. Bligh has represented them, such is my conviction of your worth and honour, that I will, without hesitation, stake my life on

* Captain Heywood died only a few months ago, a highly-respected officer in His Majesty's navy.

* Pope Clement VII. and his architect, Labacco seem to have given currency to this tradition, but without producing any proofs except their own dictum. Such columns, however striking in the interior of an edifice, must have appeared puny around such a pile of building as the Mole of Hadrian, and quite at variance with the grandiosity of that emperor's taste."

your innocence. If, on the contrary, you were concerned in such a conspiracy against your commander, I shall be as firmly persuaded his conduct was the occasion of it; but, alas! could any occasion justify so atrocious an attempt to destroy a number of our fellow-creatures? No, my ever dearest brother, nothing but conviction from your own mouth can possibly persuade me that you would commit an action in the smallest degree inconsistent with honour and duty; and the circumstance of your having swam off to the Pandora on her arrival at Otaheite (which filled us with joy to which no words can do justice), is sufficient to convince all who know you, that you certainly staid behind either by force or from views of preservation. How strange does it seem to me that I am now engaged in the delightful task of writing to you! Alas! my beloved brother, two years ago I never expected again to enjoy such a felicity, and even yet I am in the most painful uncertainty whether you are alive. Gracious God, grant that we may be at length blessed by your return! but, alas! the Pandora's people have been long expected, and are not even yet arrived. Should any accident have happened, after all the miseries you have already suffered, the poor gleam of hope with which we have been lately indulged, will render our situation ten thousand times more insupportable than if time had inured us to your loss. I send this to the care of Mr. Hayward, of Hackney, father to the young gentleman you so often mention in your letters while you were on board the Bounty, and who went out as third lieutenant of the Pandora—a circumstance which gave us infinite satisfaction, as you would, on entering the Pandora, meet your old friend. On discovering old Mr. Hayward's residence, I wrote to him, as I hoped he could give me some information respecting the time of your arrival; and in return he sent me a most friendly letter, and has promised this shall be given to you when you reach England, as I well know how great must be your anxiety to hear of us, and how much satisfaction it will give you to have a letter immediately on your return. Let me conjure you, my dearest Peter, to write to us the very first moment—do not lose a post—'tis of no consequence how short your letter may be, if it only informs us you are well. I need not tell you that you are the first and dearest object of our affections. Think, then, my adored boy, of the anxiety we must feel on your account; for my own part, I can know no real joy or happiness independent of you; and if any misfortune should now deprive us of you, my hopes of felicity are fled for ever. We are at present making all possible interest with every friend and connexion we have, to insure you a sufficient support and protection at your approaching trial; for a trial you must unavoidably undergo, in order to convince the world of that innocence, which those who know you will not for a moment doubt; but, alas! while circumstances are against you, the generality of mankind will judge severely. Bligh's representations to the Admiralty are, I am told, very unfavourable, and hitherto the tide of public opinion has been greatly in his favour. My mamma is at present well, considering the distress she has suffered since you left us; for, my dearest brother, we have experienced a complicated scene of misery from a variety of causes, which, however, when compared with the sorrow we felt on your account, was trifling and insignificant; that misfortune made all others light, and to see you once more returned, and safely restored to us, will be the summit of all earthly happiness.

Farewell, my most beloved brother! God grant this may soon be put into your hands! Perhaps at this moment you are arrived in England, and I may soon have the dear delight of again beholding you. My mamma, brothers, and sisters, join with me in every sentiment of love and tenderness. Write to us immediately, my ever-loved Peter, and may the Almighty preserve you until you bless with your presence your fondly affectionate family, and particularly your unalterably faithful friend and sister,

(Signed) 'NESSY HEYWOOD.'

We do not remember to have read a more affecting letter than this; so touching, indeed, that we almost regret to see a poetical effusion on the same subject, from the pen of the writer.

"Among the many anxious friends and family connexions of the Heywoods, was Commodore Pasley, to whom this affectionate young lady addressed herself on the melancholy occasion; and the following is the reply she received from this officer:—

Sheerness, June 8th, 1792.

'Would to God, my dearest Nessy, that I could rejoice with you on the early prospect of your brother's arrival in England. One division of the Pandora's people has arrived, and now on board the Vengeance (my ship). Captain Edwards, with the remainder, and all the prisoners late of the Bounty, in number ten (four having been drowned on the loss of that ship), are daily expected. They have been most rigorously and closely confined since taken, and will continue so, no doubt, till Bligh's arrival. You have no chance of seeing him, for no bail can be offered. Your intelligence of his swimming off on the Pandora's arrival, is not founded; a man of the name of Coleman swam off ere she anchored—your brother and Mr. Stewart the next day; this last youth, when the Pandora was lost, refused to allow his irons to be taken off to save his life. I cannot conceal it from you, my dearest Nessy, neither is it proper I should—your brother appears, by all accounts, to be the greatest culprit of all, Christian alone excepted. Every exertion, you may rest assured, I shall use to save his life; but on trial I have no hope of his not being condemned. Three of the ten who are expected are mentioned in Bligh's narrative as men detained against their inclination. Would to God your brother had been one of that number! I will not distress you more by enlarging on this subject: as intelligence arises on their arrival, you shall be made acquainted. Adieu! my dearest Nessy: present my affectionate remembrances to your mother and sisters, and believe me always, with the warmest affection, your uncle,

THOS. PASELEY.'

"How unlike is this from the letter of Bligh! While it frankly apprises this amiable lady of the real truth of the case, without disguise, as it was then understood to be, from Mr. Bligh's representations, it assures her of his best exertions to save her brother's life."

All the correspondence at this afflicting period has the air of a romance—a romance of the deepest human interest. The result of the trial will be remembered; but we give the summary.

"The number of persons who remained in the Bounty after her piratical seizure, and of course charged with the crime of mutiny, was twenty-five; that these subsequently separated into two parties—sixteen having landed at Otaheite, and afterwards taken from thence in the Pandora, as prisoners, and nine having

* Bligh was very inveterate against Heywood, as appears from his letters quoted here.

gone with the Bounty to Pitcairn's Island. Of the sixteen taken in the Pandora—

1. Mr. Peter Heywood, midshipman, was sentenced to death, but pardoned.
2. James Morrison, boatswain's mate, ditto ditto.
3. William Muspratt, commander's steward, do. do.
4. Thomas Burkitt, seaman,
5. John Millward, ditto,
6. Thomas Ellison, ditto,
7. Joseph Coleman, armourer,
8. Charles Norman, carpenter's mate,
9. Thos. McIntosh, carpenter's crew,
10. Michael Byrne, seaman,
11. Mr. George Stewart, midshipman,
12. John Sumner, seaman,
13. Richard Skinner, seaman,
14. Henry Hillbrant, cooper,
15. Charles Churchill, master-at-arms, murdered by Matthew Thompson.
16. Matthew Thompson, seaman, murdered by Churchill's friends in Otaheite.

} tried and acquitted.

} drowned in irons when the Pandora was wrecked.

Of the nine who landed on Pitcairn's Island:

1. Mr. Fletcher Christian, acting-lieut.
2. John Williams, seaman,
3. Isaac Martin, ditto,
4. John Mills, gunner's mate,
5. William Brown, botanist's assistant,
6. Matthew Quintal, seaman, put to death by Young and Adams in self-defence.
7. William M'Koy, seaman, became insane, and killed by throwing himself from a rock.
8. Mr. Edward Young, midshipman, died of asthma.
9. Alex. Smith, alias John Adams, seaman, died in 1823."

} were murdered by the Otaheiteans.

Poor Nessy, whose character is so affectingly displayed in this narrative, died the year after her brother's trial. The details of the bringing home of the prisoners are equal to Byron's *Island*.

"The Pandora called at numerous islands without success; but on Lieutenant Corner having landed on one of the Palmerston's group, he found a yard and some spars, with the broad arrow upon them, and marked 'Bounty.' This induced the captain to cause a very minute search to be made in all these islands, in the course of which the Pandora, being driven out to sea by blowing weather, and very thick and hazy, lost sight of the little tender and a jolly boat, the latter of which was never more heard of. This gives occasion to a little splenetic effusion from a writer in a periodical journal, which was hardly called for.

"When this boat," says the writer, "with a midshipman and several men (four), had been inhumanly ordered from alongside, it was known that there was nothing in her but one piece of salt-beef, compassionately thrown in by a seaman; and horrid as must have been their fate, the flippant surgeon, after detailing the disgraceful fact, adds, 'that this is the way the world was peopled!' or words to that effect, for we quote only from memory." The following is quoted from the book: "It may be difficult to surmise," says the surgeon, "what has been the fate of those unfortunate men. They had a piece of salt-beef thrown into the boat to them on leaving the ship; and it rained a good deal that night and the following day, which might satiate their thirst. It is by these accidents the Divine Ruler of the universe has peopled the southern hemisphere." This is no more than asserting an acknowledged fact, that can hardly admit of a dispute; and there appears nothing in the paragraph which at all affects the character of Captain Edwards, against whom it is levelled. After a fruitless search of three months, the Pandora arrived, on the 29th August, on the coast of New Holland, and close to that extraordinary reef of coral rocks called the 'Barrier Reef,' which runs along the greater part of the eastern coast, but at a considerable distance from it. The boat had been sent out to look for an opening, which was soon discovered; but in the course of the night the ship had drifted past it. "On getting soundings," says Captain Edwards, in his narrative laid before the court-martial, 'the

topsails were filled; but before the tacks were hauled on board and other sail made and trimmed, the ship struck upon a reef; we had a quarter less two fathoms on the larboard side, and three fathoms on the starboard side; the sails were braced about different ways, to endeavour to get her off, but to no purpose; they were then clewed up, and afterwards furled, the top-gallant yards got down, and the top-gallant masts struck. Boats were hoisted out, with a view to carry out an anchor; but before that could be effected, the ship struck so violently on the reef, that the carpenter reported she made eighteen inches of water in five minutes; and in five minutes after this, that there were four feet of water in the hold. Finding the leak increasing so fast, it was thought necessary to turn the hands to the pumps, and to bail at the different hatchways; but she still continued to gain upon us so fast, that in little more than an hour and a half after she struck, there were eight feet and a half of water in the hold. About ten, we perceived that the ship had beaten over the reef, and was in ten fathoms water; we therefore let go the small bower anchor, cleared away a cable, and let go the best bower anchor in fifteen and a half fathoms water under foot, to steady the ship. Some of her guns were thrown overboard, and the water gained upon us only in a small degree, and we flattered ourselves that by the assistance of a thrummed topsail, which we were preparing to haul under the ship's bottom, we might be able to lessen the leak, and to free her of water: but these flattering hopes did not continue long; for, as she settled in the water, the leak increased again, and in so great a degree, that there was reason to apprehend she would sink before daylight. During the night two of the pumps were unfortunately for some time rendered useless; one of them, however, was repaired, and we continued baling and pumping the remainder of the night; and every effort that was thought of was made to keep afloat and preserve the ship. Daylight fortunately appeared, and gave us the opportunity of seeing our situation and the surrounding danger; and it was evident the ship had been carried to the northward by a tide or current. The officers, whom I had consulted on the subject of our situation, gave it as their opinion, that nothing more could be done for the preservation of the ship: it then became necessary to endeavour to provide and to find means for the preservation of the people. Our four boats, which consisted of one launch, one eight-oared pinnace, and two six-oared yawls, with careful hands in them, were kept astern of the ship; a small quantity of bread, water, and other necessary articles, were put into them; two canoes, which we had on board, were lashed together, and put into the water; rafts were made, and all floating things upon deck were unlashd. About half-past six in the morning of the 29th the hold was full, and the water was between decks, and it also washed in at the upper-deck ports, and there were strong indications that the ship was on the very point of sinking; and we began to leap overboard and take to the boats; and before every body could get out of her, she actually sunk. The boats continued astern of the ship, in the direction of the drift of the tide from her, and took up the people that had hold of rafts and other floating things that had been cast loose, for the purpose of supporting them on the water. The double canoe, that was able to support a considerable number of men, broke adrift with only one man, and was bulged upon a reef, and afforded us no assistance when she

was so much wanted on this trying and melancholy occasion. Two of the boats were laden with men, and sent to a small sandy island (or key) about four miles from the wreck; and I remained near the ship for some time with the other two boats, and picked up all the people that could be seen, and then hauled the two first boats to the key; and having landed the men and cleared the boats, they were immediately despatched again, to look about the wreck and the adjoining reef for any that might be missing; but they returned without having found a single person. On mustering the people that were saved, it appeared that eighty-nine of the ship's company, and ten of the mutineers that had been prisoners on board, answered to their names; but thirty-one of the ship's company, and four mutineers, were lost with the ship.—It is remarkable enough that so little notice is taken of the mutineers in this narrative of the captain; and as the following statement is supposed to come from the late Lieutenant Corner, who was second lieutenant of the Pandora, it is entitled to be considered as authentic; and if so, Captain Edwards must have deserved the character ascribed to him, of being altogether destitute of the common feelings of humanity. 'Three of the Bounty's people, Coleman, Norman, and McIntosh, were now let out of irons, and sent to work at the pumps. The others offered their assistance, and begged to be allowed a chance of saving their lives; instead of which, two additional sentinels were placed over them, with orders to shoot any who should attempt to get rid of their fetters. Seeing no prospect of escape, they betook themselves to prayer, and prepared to meet their fate, every one expecting that the ship would soon go to pieces, her rudder and part of the stern-post being already beat away.' When the ship was actually sinking, and every effort making for the preservation of the crew, it is asserted that 'no notice was taken of the prisoners, as is falsely stated by the author of the *'Pandora's Voyage,'* although Captain Edwards was entreated by Mr. Heywood to have mercy upon them, when he passed over their prison, to make his own escape, the ship then lying on her broadside, with the larboard bow completely under water. Fortunately, the master-at-arms, either by accident or design, when slipping from the roof of 'Pandora's box' into the sea, let the keys of the irons fall through the scuttle or entrance, which he had just before opened; and thus enabled them to commence their own liberation, in which they were generously assisted, at the imminent risk of his own life, by William Moulter, a boatswain's mate, who clung to the coamings, and pulled the long bars through the shackles, saying he would set them free, or go to the bottom with them. Scarcely was this effected when the ship went down, leaving nothing visible but the top-mast cross-trees. The master-at-arms and all the sentinels sunk to rise no more. The cries of them and the other drowning men were awful in the extreme; and more than half an hour had elapsed before the survivors could be taken up by the boats. Among the former were Mr. Stewart, John Summer, Richard Skinner, and Henry Hillbrant, the whole of whom perished with their hands still in manacles. On this melancholy occasion, Mr. Heywood was the last person but three who escaped from the prison, into which the water had already found its way through the bulk-head scuttles. Jumping overboard, he seized a plank, and was swimming towards a small sandy quay (key) about three miles

distant, when a boat picked him up, and conveyed him thither in a state of nudity. It is worthy of remark, that James Morrison endeavoured to follow his young companion's example, and, although handcuffed, managed to keep afloat until a boat came to his assistance.' This account would appear almost incredible. It is true, men are sometimes found to act the part of inhuman monsters; but then they are generally actuated by some motive or extraordinary excitement: here, however, there was neither; but, on the contrary, the condition of the poor prisoners appealed most forcibly to the mercy and humanity of their jailor. The surgeon of the ship states, in his account of her loss, that as soon as the spars, booms, hencoops, and other buoyant articles, were cut loose, 'the prisoners were ordered to be let out of irons.' One would imagine, indeed, that the officers on this dreadful emergency would not be witness to such inhumanity, without remonstrating effectually against keeping these unfortunate men confined a moment beyond the period when it became evident that the ship must sink. It will be seen, however, presently, from Mr. Heywood's own statement, that they were so kept, and that the brutal and unfeeling conduct which has been imputed to Captain Edwards is but too true. It is an awful moment when a ship takes her last heel, just before going down. When the Pandora sunk, the surgeon says, 'the crew had just time to leap overboard, accompanying it with a most dreadful yell. The cries of the men drowning in the water was at first awful in the extreme; but as they sunk and became faint, they died away by degrees.'

Mr. Barrow is tolerably severe upon Bligh, but much more so upon Captain Edwards, of the Pandora, whose treatment of the prisoners was, indeed, most severe and cruel. He is also pretty sharp upon the missionaries, siding with Kotzebue much more than with Mr. Ellis (see our recent *Gazettes*). He tells us: "'With regard to their worship,' Captain Cook does the Otaheiteans but justice in saying, 'they reproach many who bear the name of Christians. You see no instances of an Otaheitan drawing near the Eatooa with carelessness and inattention; he is all devotion; he approaches the place of worship with reverential awe; uncovering when he treads on sacred ground; and prays with a fervour that would do honour to a better profession. He firmly credits the traditions of his ancestors. None dares dispute the existence of the Deity.' Thieving may also be reckoned as one of their vices; this, however, is common to all uncivilised nations, and, it may be added, civilised too. But to judge them fairly in this respect, we should compare their situation with that of a more civilised people. A native of Otaheite goes on board a ship and finds himself in the midst of iron bolts, nails, knives, scattered about, and is tempted to carry off a few of them. If we could suppose a ship from El Dorado to arrive in the Thames, and that the custom-house officers, on boarding her, found themselves in the midst of bolts, hatchets, chisels, all of solid gold, scattered about the deck, one need scarcely say what would be likely to happen. If the former found the temptation irresistible to supply himself with what was essentially useful—the latter would be as little able to resist that which would contribute to the indulgence of his avarice or the gratification of his pleasures, or of both. Such was the state of this beautiful island and its interesting and fascinating natives at the time when Captain Wallis first discovered, and Lieutenant Cook shortly afterwards visited,

it. What they now are, as described by Captain Beechey, it is lamentable to reflect. All their usual and innocent amusements have been denounced by the missionaries, and, in lieu of them, these poor people have been driven to seek for resources in habits of indolence and apathy: that simplicity of character, which atoned for many of their faults, has been converted into cunning and hypocrisy; and drunkenness, poverty, and disease, have thinned the island of its former population to a frightful degree. By a survey of the first missionaries, and a census of the inhabitants, taken in 1797, the population was estimated at 16,050 souls; Captain Waldegrave, in 1830, states it, on the authority of a census also taken by the missionaries, to amount only to 5000; and there is but too much reason to ascribe this diminution to praying, psalm-singing, and dram-drinking. The island of Otaheite is in shape two circles united by a low and narrow isthmus. The larger circle is named Otaheite Moou, and is about thirty miles in diameter; the lesser, named Tiaraboo, about ten miles in diameter. A belt of low land, terminating in numerous valleys, ascending by gentle slopes to the central mountain, which is about seven thousand feet high, surrounds the larger circle, and the same is the case with the smaller circle, on a proportionate scale. Down these valleys flow streams and rivulets of clear water, and the most luxuriant and verdant foliage fills their sides and the hilly ridges that separate them, among which were once scattered the smiling cottages and little plantations of the natives. All these are now destroyed, and the remnant of the population has crept down to the flats and swampy ground on the sea-shore, completely subservient to the seven establishments of missionaries, who have taken from them what little trade they used to carry on, to possess themselves of it; who have their warehouses, act as agents, and monopolise all the cattle on the island—but, in return, they have given them a new religion and a *parliament*, (*risum teneatis*?) and reduced them to a state of complete pauperism; and all, as they say, and probably have so persuaded themselves, for the honour of God, and the salvation of their souls! How much is such a change brought about by such conduct to be deprecated! How lamentable is it to reflect, that an island on which Nature has lavished so many of her bounteous gifts, with which neither Cyprus nor Cythera, nor the fanciful island of Calypso, can compete in splendid and luxuriant beauties, should be doomed to such a fate—in an enlightened age, and by a people that call themselves civilised!

And again of Nobbs, who had found his way to Pitcairn's Island.

"Buffet and Evans support themselves by their industry; but this Nobbs not only claims exemption from labour, as being their pastor—but also as being entitled to a maintenance at the expense of the community. He has married a daughter of Charles, and grand-daughter to the late Fletcher Christian, whose descendants, as captain of the gang, might be induced to claim superiority, and which, probably, might be allowed by general consent, had they but possessed a moderate share of talent; but it is stated, that Thursday October and Charles Christian, the sons of the chief mutineer, are ignorant, uneducated men. The only chance for the continuance of peace is the general dislike in which this Nobbs is held, and the gradual intellectual improvement of the rising generation.* It seems that Adams on his

* This Nobbs is probably one of those half-witted

death-bed called all the heads of families together, and urged them to appoint a chief;—this, however, they have not done, which makes it the more to be apprehended that Nobbs, by his superior talent or cunning, will force himself upon them into that situation."

And there is this "P.S. Just as this last sheet came from the press, the editor has noticed, with a feeling of deep and sincere regret, a paragraph in the newspapers, said to be extracted from an American paper, stating that a vessel sent to Pitcairn's Island by the missionaries of Otaheite has carried off the whole of the settlers to the latter island. If this be true—and the mention of the name of Nott gives a colour to the transaction—the 'che-rubim' must have slept, the 'flaming sword' have been sheathed, and another Eden has been lost; and, what is worse than all, that native simplicity of manners, that purity of morals, and that singleness of heart, which so peculiarly distinguished this little interesting society, are all lost. They will now be dispersed among the missionary stations as humble dependents, where Kitty Quintal and the rest of them may get 'food for their souls,' such as it is, in exchange for the substantial blessings they enjoyed on Pitcairn's Island."

We shall now conclude with a curious statement respecting the ancient laws against piracy. Mr. Barrow is making the best apology that suggests itself for the harsh conduct of Captain Edwards; and he says: "He might have considered that, in all ages and among all nations, with the exception of some of the Greek states, piracy has been held in the utmost abhorrence, and those guilty of it treated with singular and barbarous severity; and that the most sanguinary laws were established for the protection of person and property in maritime adventure. The laws of Oleron, which were composed under the immediate direction of our Richard I., and became the common usage among maritime states whose vessels passed through British seas, are conceived in a spirit of the most barbarous cruelty. Thus, if a poor pilot, through ignorance, lost the vessel, he was either required to make full satisfaction to the merchant for damages sustained, or to lose his head. In the case of wrecks, where the lord of the coast (something like our present vice-admiral) should be found to be in league with the pilots, and run the ships on rocks, in order to get salvage, the said lord, the salvors, and all concerned, are declared to be accused and excommunicated, and punished as thieves and robbers; and the pilot condemned to be hanged upon a high gibbet, which is to abide and remain to succeeding ages, on the place where erected, as a visible caution to other ships sailing thereby. Nor was the fate of the lord of the coast less severe: his property was to be confiscated, and himself fastened to a post in the midst of his own mansion, which being fired at the four corners, were all to be burned together; the walls thereof demolished; and the spot on which it stood be converted into a market-place, for the sale only of hogs and swine, to all posterity. (These and many other barbarous usages were transferred into the institutions of Wisbech, which formed the *jus mercatorum* for a long period, and in which great care was

persons who fancy they have received a call to preach nonsense—some cobbler escaped from his stall, or tailor from his shopboard. Kitty Quintal's cant phrase, 'we want food for our souls,' and praying at meals for 'spiritual nourishment,' smack not a little of the jargon of the inferior caste of evangelicals. Whoever this pastoral drone may be, it is but too evident that the preservation of the innocence, simplicity, and happiness, of these amiable people, is intimately connected with his speedy removal from the island."

taken for the security of ships against their crews. Among other articles, are the following:—whoever draws a sword upon the master of a vessel, or wilfully falsifies the compass, shall have his right hand nailed to the mast; whoever behaves riotously, shall be punished by being keel-hauled; whoever is guilty of rebellion (or mutiny), shall be thrown overboard. For the suppression of piracy, the Portuguese, in their early intercourse with India, had a summary punishment, and accompanied it with a terrible example, to deter others from the commission of the crime. Whenever they took a pirate ship, they instantly hanged every man, carried away the sails, rudder, and every thing that was valuable in the ship, and left her to be buffeted about by the winds and the waves, with the carcasses of the criminals dangling from the yards, a horrid object of terror to all who might chance to fall in with her. Even to this day, a spice of the laws of Oleron still remains in the maritime code of European nations, as far as regards mutiny and piracy; and a feeling of this kind may have operated on the mind of Captain Edwards, especially as a tendency even to mutiny, or mutinous expressions, are considered, by the usage of the service, as justifying the commander of a ship of war to put the offenders in irons. Besides, the treatment of Bligh, whose admirable conduct under the unparalleled sufferings of himself and all who accompanied him in the open boat, had roused the people of England to the highest pitch of indignation against Christian and his associates, in which Edwards no doubt participated."

There are some engravings; the subjects interesting, the execution not remarkable.

A Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed. By George Johnston, M.D., &c. Vol. I. *Phanogamous Plants*; Vol. II. *Cryptogamous Plants*. 12mo. Edinburgh, Carfrae and Son; London, Longman and Co.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose—
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!

says the song; and here we have the botanical proof in detail, class, and sub-division, with all the barbarous and mutable nomenclature of the science—though it is but justice to Dr. Johnston to say, that, in these respects, he has followed the best of guides and authorities. Fifty short definitions of terms, occupying, perhaps, two or three pages, would have been a great advantage to this publication, especially as its author has most judiciously interspersed it with pleasant varieties, to relieve the dryness of scientific definition, and recommend it to popular favour. It is true that every tolerable botanist will understand him, but many very clever persons may be at a loss to know what is meant by familiar appellations; and when we write for the general reader, we ought not to suppose that every one possesses a knowledge of Latin and Greek combinations.

With this slight remonstrance for an omission (an omission justified by the precedent of nearly all other works of the same kind), we have to bestow our entire commendation upon this able production, which merits much more than a local fame. As the *Flora* of an interesting and prolific country, it is ample and correct; and two brief papers add much to its value, by presenting a geological view of Berwickshire, and a botanical sketch of that county and part of Durham, from early times.

With this praise, we might consider our duty done, but that the preface says—

"To relieve, however, the dryness of mere descriptive detail, and to point out the manner

in which this study may be made most conducive to our amusement, if not to our instruction, various particulars have been added relative to the uses of our plants in agriculture, in the arts, and in medicine. And, in the Flora of a river so celebrated as the Tweed in pastoral poetry, and 'where flowers of fairy blow,' it seemed allowable to notice, at greater length than is usual in works of science, the purposes to which superstition has applied them in former times, and the illustrations which they have afforded to the poets of our own day. A few facts relative to the physiology of vegetable life have been also given; but of what I had collected, by far the greater portion has been cancelled, lest our work should have exceeded its proper limits."

We could wish that the author had exceeded them; for there is not a flower that blows on the lovely Tweed which might not have revived a sweet remembrance—little connected, indeed, with its petals, or calyx, or corolla, or other minute description, but redolent of poetry, and legend, and belief. We are told that the

"Bonny, bonny broom, the broom of Cowdenknowes," has given place to turnips and common husbandry; but the theme once indulged, we should have liked to hear what blossoms now particularly adorn the bloody field of Flodden, what wisdom-giving plants grow where Dun Scotus flourished, and what spear-grass rears its head where the Kers, and Hays, and Homes, and Douglasses, erewhile bristled in the armed field. But Dr. Johnston will answer us, Mine is a work of natural science, and not of legendary lore, and too much of illustration would have spoilt its character. He is right; but, having said that, as a botanical performance, his two little volumes are excellent, we trust he will excuse us for selecting one extract from their merely accessorial relief.

Fraxinus excelsior: the common ash.—"No tree is so often met with in ruins and upon ancient walls, probably on account of the readiness with which its winged seeds (the *culebreys* of our pastoral poets) are borne by the wind. It insinuates its roots far into the crevices of these old buildings, and thereby becomes an instrument of the destruction of what affords it support. In like manner it fastens upon loose slaty rocks, and decorates them with its verdure. It is one of the latest trees in coming into leaf, and loses its leaves early in autumn. These are greedily eaten by cattle; and it ought not to be planted in parks or lawns intended for the pasture of milch cows, for they communicate a disagreeable taste to the butter. The wood is tough and valuable, being applicable to a great variety of purposes; and it possesses the very singular property of being in perfection even in infancy—a pole three inches in diameter being as valuable and durable for any purpose to which it can be applied, as the timber of the largest tree."

Of the yellow iris the following particulars are curious:—

"The roots, in Arran, are used to dye black; in Jura, boiled with coppers to make ink. They are strongly purgative, and said to be particularly useful in dropsical complaints—formerly recommended as a cure for toothache. 'But above all,' says Ettmüller, 'which I have hitherto known, the juice of the root of the *Iris fulva* rubbed upon the tooth that is painful, or the root itself chewed in the mouth, in an instant, as if by a charm, drives away the pain of the teeth, arising from what cause soever. He that communicated it to me, affirms that he had tried it forty times at least, with like success: I myself also have various times

tried it, and a great many others have done the same by my persuasion, and I hardly ever knew it fail.' The seeds roasted make excellent coffee, superior to any other substitute."

Now, we will venture to say that, though these assertions are put forth respecting this plant, nobody will try whether it is a cure for the toothache, or a substitute for coffee. We live, in intellect, from hand to mouth, the veriest slaves of custom; but now and then some clever speculator hits upon one or other of these old and exploded stories; invents a fine new name, and makes a fine large fortune. Then, like a thousand other excellent pieces of knowledge, it sinks into oblivion, to be rediscovered, or re-invented, when our grandchildren are papas and mamas!

Lolium temulentum: bearded darnel.—"The seeds of this species possess deleterious properties when mixed with bread, corn, or malt; and malignant epidemic fevers have been attributed to their operation. In this country it is so rare, that it can seldom be productive of any mischief; but it is asserted to have been cultivated in the vicinity of London for the use of the brewer, who communicates to the beer an intoxicating quality by its means. It is the 'infelix lolium' of Virgil."

Intègue nitentia culta
Infelix lolium et steriles dominatæ avenæ.

This piece of information may be useful to the new beer-houses, about which such a fuss is now made. We confess that, being no politicians, it is a question we do not understand. As far as we can gather from parliamentary reports, and essays in the newspapers, the bishops and magistrates prefer the lower orders getting drunk with gin; while others prefer intoxication and sowing by means of beer. To us it is indifferent: gin is the speediest, but the least social. In London its indulgence is a mere selfish gulp, and away; whereas, even a coal-heaver must draw his breath upon a pot of beer, which leads to politeness and polite conversation, to the manifest enlightening of the parties concerned. But this is a digression from *infelix lolium*—come we to the *scabiosa succisa*, alias the Devil's-bit scabious.

"At one time the root (which is as it were bitten off) is supposed to have possessed an almost specific virtue against every kind of scaly eruptions, whence the generic name; but as 'the superstitious people hold opinion,' afraid of being deprived by its means of this method of tormenting poor mortal man, 'the devil did bite it for envie, because it is an herbe that hath so many good virtues, and is so beneficial to mankind.' And in very verity the malice of the devil, as Smith observes, 'has unhappily been so successful, that no virtues can now be found in the remainder of the root or herb.'"

The fact is, that the age of imagination, as well as of chivalry, is past. Not so in olden times: witness the *Saxifraga granulata*, or meadow saxifrage.

"In conformity to the doctrine of Signatures, which attributes to any substance having a resemblance to any organ of the body, sovereign virtues in removing the diseases of that organ, this plant was pronounced very useful in calculous complaints, because the roots somewhat resemble small gravel-stones. And because it is 'governed by the moon,' its credit remained undiminished with the astrologers, or those herbalists who imagined that the stars

shed down
Their stellar virtue on all plants that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray."

From the fanciful we pass again to the use

ful—the *Oxalis acetosella*, common wood-sorrel. "The leaves of this pretty unobtrusive flower droop at night, and close against rain. They are powerfully and most agreeably acid, making a refreshing and wholesome conserve with fine sugar, its flavour resembling green tea. Boiled with milk they make an agreeable whey, which may be used in inflammatory diseases, in which vegetable acids are beneficial. They also afford the 'essential salt of lemons,' used to take iron-moulds out of them."

Mentha hirsuta, hairy mint.—"Mr. Macdonald, of Scalpa, in the Hebrides, having some years ago suffered considerably by mice, put at the bottom, near the centre, and the top of each stack, as it was raised, three or four stalks of wild mint, with the leaves on, gathered near a brook in a neighbouring field, and never after had any of his grain consumed. He then tried the same experiment with his cheese, and other articles kept in store, and often injured by mice, and with equal effect, by laying a few leaves, green or dry, on the articles to be preserved."

Among the Cryptogamia—fungi—there are some valuable remarks upon those minute vegetable productions which, as "blight," "smut," &c. &c., are so often supposed to be insects, and do so much injury to our most important crops. Of these, the *Sclerotium clavus* is "dull black, elongate, cylindrical, generally a little curved; internally white. Decand. Fl. Franc. vi. 115. Hab. Between the glumes of grasses, occupying the place of the grain. Great doubts have been entertained relative to the nature of this production; but I think, with Decandolle, that if the two preceding are allowed a place in the vegetable kingdom, this cannot with propriety be excluded. It has been detected in this neighbourhood on the sweet vernal-grass, the sweet floating-grass, and on the florin. When it attacks rye, which is peculiarly subject to the disease, the corn is said to be *spurred*; and this diseased grain is an active poison of a very peculiar kind. If gradually introduced into the system, as when mixed with the flour of rye-bread, it occasions a severe disease, which has often prevailed epidemically in different territories on the continent. The affection produced differs much in different epidemics, and even in different cases of the same epidemic. Two distinct sets of symptoms have been noticed: the one constituting a nervous disease, characterised by violent spasmodic convulsions; the other being a depraved state of the constitution, which ends in that remarkable disorder known by the name of dry gangrene. The poison possesses other singular properties; and the physician availing himself of it, can produce effects in the human constitution such as he can produce by no other medicine yet discovered;—a fact of which my own experience has afforded sufficient evidence. For an interesting history of what is known relative to the spurred rye, the medical reader is referred to Dr. Christison's learned and useful work on poisons."

The fungi in the vegetable world, like the fungi in society—and both are numerous classes—are generally odious or noxious, or useless; a few only being fit for any purpose of taste or convenience. The *Agaricus muscarius* is "the most beautiful of the agarics; but let no one be tempted by its appearance to apply it to domestic use—for a poison lurks beneath its brilliant colours. Linnaeus informs us that in Fimmark they cut it into small pieces, mix them with milk, and place it at their windows for the purpose of poisoning flies, to which it proves as fatal as arsenic. In corroboration of this fact,

I have observed that the flies which sip of the dirty yellow liquor into which this fungus dissolves, die almost immediately. Haller relates that six persons of Lithuania in Poland perished at one time by eating it. The Ostiacks in Siberia, and the Kamtschadales and Koracks, however, use it for the purpose of producing intoxication. They 'sometimes eat it dry, sometimes immersed in a fermented liquor made with the *Epilobium*, which they drink, notwithstanding the dreadful effects. They are at first seized with convulsions in all their limbs, then with a raving, such as attends a burning fever; a thousand phantoms, gay or gloomy according to their constitutions, present themselves to their imaginations; some dance, others are seized with unspeakable horrors. They personify this mushroom; and if its effects urge them to suicide or any dreadful crime, they say they obey its commands. To fit themselves for premeditated assassinations, they take the *Moucho-more*, the Russian name of this agaric. Such is the fascination of drunkenness in this country, that nothing can induce the natives to forbear this dreadful potion.'"

Of the *A. campestris*, our common mushroom, the author states, "it long has been esteemed an article of epicurean delicacy, and is extensively used in making catsup. When it has proved deleterious to those who eat it, the injury ought rather to be attributed to some peculiar idiosyncrasy of the individual, than to any poisonous quality in the mushrooms. We, indeed, almost annually read of people being poisoned by them; but other agarics have been in these cases gathered in place of the *A. campestris*. 'I have seen,' says Dr. Christison, 'those who gather mushrooms near Edinburgh for the purpose of making catsup, picking up every fungus that came in their way.' 'As there is no critical mark to determine at once between poisonous and salutary mushrooms, we may lay it down as a general rule, that those should be suspected and avoided that grow in moist and marshy grounds, and especially in the shade; that have a dirty-looking surface, and whose gills are soft, moist, and porous.'—Dr. Good. 'It appears that most fungi which have a warty cap, more especially fragments of membrane adhering to their upper surface, are poisonous. Heavy fungi, which have an unpleasant odour, especially if they emerge from a *scelus* or bag, are also generally hurtful. Of those which grow in woods and shady places, a few are esculent, but most are unwholesome; and if they are moist on the surface, they should be avoided. All those which grow in tufts or clusters from the trunks or stumps of trees, ought likewise to be shunned. A sure test of a poisonous fungus is an astringent, styptic taste, and perhaps also a disagreeable, but certainly a pungent odour. Some fungi possessing these properties have indeed found their way to the epicure's table; but they are of very questionable quality. Those whose substance becomes blue soon after being cut, are invariably poisonous. Agarics of an orange or rose-red colour, and boleti which are coriaceous or corky in texture, or which have a membranaceous collar round the stem, are also unsafe: but these rules are not universally applicable in other genera. Even the esculent mushrooms, if they are partially devoured by insects, and have been abandoned, should be avoided, as they have in all probability acquired injurious qualities which they do not usually possess. These rules for knowing deleterious fungi seem to rest on fact and experience; but they will not enable the collector

to recognise every poisonous species.'—Dr. Christison.

'The meadow mushrooms are in kind the best—it is fit trusting any of the rest.'

"Accidents arising from the deadly fungi being mistaken for eatable mushrooms, are common on the continent, and especially in France. They are by no means unfrequent, too, in Britain; but they are much less frequent than abroad, because the epicure's catalogue of mushrooms in this country contains only three species, whose characters are too distinct to be mistaken by a person of ordinary skill; while abroad a great variety of them have found their way to the table, many of which are not only liable to be confounded with poisonous species, but are even also themselves of doubtful quality."

Our Review seems to have grown up like a mushroom, and we must hasten to give it as rapid an end. It shall be for the information of the tabbies—we mean no insinuation—*Nepeta cataria*, cat-mint, which "the later herbarists call *herba cattaria*, and *herba cati*, because the cats are very much delighted herewith; for the smell of it is so pleasant to them, that they rub themselves upon it, and wallow or tumble in it, and also feed on the branches and leaves very greedily."—Gerarde. On this account it can only be preserved in gardens by sowing the seed; for by the handling in the process of transplanting, or in the languid state subsequent to it, the peculiar scent is exhaled, and the cats are attracted to the plant, which otherwise they are unable to discover. 'If you set it, the cats will eat it; if you sow it, the cats will not know it.'"

Having shewn how to cheat a cat of its vegetable enjoyments, we shall bid adieu to these volumes, again recommending them to the public as most deserving of favour. As Berwick belongs to no country, no national prejudices need interfere in undervaluing its science, and proclaiming its "decline."

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXVII.

Switzerland, France, &c.

[Second notice.]

In concluding our selections from this pleasant volume, it may be as well, in order to prevent confusion, to notice, as it has lain some time on our shelf, that it was published before the author's *Spain* in 1830. It accordingly bore his *sobriquet* of Derwent Conway, which he has since abandoned for his real name of Henry D. Inglis. Under both appellations we have been much gratified with his productions; and now finish what we proposed from his Switzerland, France, &c.

Deaf and dumb hunter of the Pyrenees.

"For some distance after leaving St. Sauveur, the valley is a deep and dreary ravine, the river flowing far below, in a narrow bed between perpendicular rocks, in some parts covered with trees, which have taken root in the crevices. There is not a hut, nor any cultivation; and the only person I met was an izard-hunter, who, although he was deaf and dumb, recounted to me, by signs, the history of his day's sport. He was a tall, athletic man, about fifty years of age. He carried the izard on his back, and walked at the rate of nearly six miles an hour, notwithstanding this burden, and the additional one of a gun slung across his shoulders; and I afterwards learnt, that this man is one of the most successful and one of the most fearless hunters of the Pyrenees. The gestures by which he described the events of the day were quite as intelligible as if he had possessed the gift of speech. Both his own

actions and those of the izard were imitated exactly. He shewed that he had fired twice, and wounded the izard—that it tumbled down a precipice—that he looked over, and succeeded in scrambling down—and that he pursued, overtook it, and knocked it on the head with the butt-end of his gun. He also made me understand that he killed about three izards in the week, and sometimes four, and that he sold them at six francs a piece, exclusive of the skin, which was worth another franc. What an enormous profit must be realised by the *traiteurs* at the baths! They purchase a whole izard for six francs, and divide it into at least twenty dinner portions, at four francs each! Yet the successful izard-hunter is richer than the majority of Pyrenean peasants; and although his profession be both laborious and dangerous, the excitement is proportioned to the danger and difficulty, and the pleasure proportioned to the excitement. When this deaf and dumb man was reciting, in his own way, the fortunes of the day, the eagerness of his gestures, and the changing expression of his countenance, shewed his enthusiasm in his trade, and the delight he took in its chances and issues; and there can be little doubt that when the fatigue and dangers of the day terminate in the possession of the izard, he considers these far overpaid. The mind of a man who spends his days a hunter in the mountains must be strangely complexed. Dwelling always among mountain solitudes—always alone with Nature, and amid her grandest works—companion of the storm, and the mists and the shadows—the great rocks—the rushing torrents, and the black lake—we might conclude that the mind of such a man could not be without the elements of moral and intellectual grandeur; but so, perhaps, might we argue of the sailor who traverses the mighty deep, and paces the deck of the lone vessel beneath the wide starry sky. But it is probable that these men look not beyond their individual calling. The rudder that guides the vessel through the ocean is, to the mariner, an object of deeper interest than the illimitable and trackless waters; and to the hunter of the Alps or the Pyrenees, the only object of interest among the mountain solitudes is the little animal that he pursues."

Tradition.—"It was a deep valley, not half a mile across, bounded by rocks; and upon the summit of the rocks, opposite to each other, stood the ruins of two castles. These were the castles of Espeche and Lomine; and the guide narrated a tradition of these places as we went along. The lords of these two castles were enemies, and constantly disputed with one another the possession of the valley that lay between their castles; but, along with this enmity, each was enamoured of the wife of the other, though the ladies themselves loved their own lords, and gave no encouragement to the enemies of their husbands. At this time the crusades were published; and both of these nobles resolved to forget private animosities for a time, and join the standard of the Cross. It so happened, however, that after travelling—the tradition does not say whether in company or not—during several days, the devil entered into both their hearts, and they both reasoned after this manner:—'My enemy has gone to the holy wars, and has left both his lands and his wife unprotected. I hate him, but I love his wife. What hinders me from returning, and making the most of his absence?' And so both the Lord of Espeche and the Lord of Lomine returned, and took the road, not to their own castles, but to the castles of each other. But it so happened, that on the very

night upon which these two nobles left their own castles, their ladies had a vision. Each was warned, in a dream, of the intention of her husband to return, and go to the castle of his enemy, that he might find his enemy's wife; and this vision being often repeated, these noble dames resolved—instigated, no doubt, by the same kind power that had sent the vision—to seek each other, and communicate what had happened. Accordingly, these ladies left their own castles to cross the valley, and met each other by the way; and having communicated the mutual vision, they resolved upon a method of avoiding the danger, and of at the same time proving to their lords their own affection, and the Divine interposition by which they had been warned of the future. They determined to change castles; and that very day they put their resolution into effect. Meanwhile, their lords arrived under cover of night, each at the castle of his enemy, and were greatly surprised to find that no wonder was excited by their return, for the ladies had forewarned their household of what was to be expected; but still greater was their surprise, when, upon being ushered into the castle hall, each beheld his own spouse. The explanation that followed wrought a miraculous change. Touched with the affection of their own wives, they were convinced that this reconciliation was the will of God, since its means had been miraculously revealed in a vision. They abjured their mutual enmity—swore unalterable fidelity to their own wives—and set out in company for the Holy Land."

A good Reason.—"Tours is scarcely at all a place of commerce; but the environs of the city furnish the most agreeable walks, and these, too, are the most frequented. Innumerable little paths lead in every direction through the fields, and among the knolls and copses. These walks are, however, very unsuitable, for they are only wide enough for one. But this was explained to me, by a French *démouille*, to be better; 'because,' said she, 'if *mon sieur* who is behind says a gallant thing, we may either hear or not as we please; and in case we blush, nobody sees it.' I confessed that the reasoning was irresistible."

One thing at least a traveller acquires—a good appetite. Our tourist dwells most touchingly on divers gastronomic reminiscences: he mentions the fragrant raspberries and cream at one place, and a most delicious sucking pig at another; he is eloquent in praise of the fried fish and the bread pudding of his Jewish hostess at Bieretz; and as to the omelets, we give what he says of them in his own words:—

"It is a great misfortune if a traveller in France, especially a foot-traveller, whose day's journey often conducts him to the smaller inns, should happen to dislike omelet. It may be difficult to believe that any such person exists; but I have seen and travelled with persons so unfortunate: and when I have been enjoying an excellent meal, they have been obliged to content themselves with the purer pleasure of sympathising in my good fortune. Every where in France, even in the poorest auberge, an omelet is to be obtained; either *omelette sucrée*, *omelette grasse*, or *omelette aux fines herbes*. What a choice is there! One might very well begin with an *omelette grasse*, make a remove of the *omelette aux fines herbes*, and finish with an *omelette sucrée* by way of dessert."

A pretty view of Vaucouse, which Mr. Conway visits and describes, ushers in this very amusing volume.

The French phrases, &c. which are, perhaps

almost unavoidably, very frequent in these pages, are sadly incorrect: hardly any noun and adjective agree in gender; verbs are put in the singular instead of the plural, and *vice versa*, &c. We have, of course, corrected the errors we noticed in our extracts: but such carelessness greatly detracts from the value of the work.

The Familiar Law Adviser. No. 1, Landlords and Tenants; No. 2, Masters and Servants; No. 3, Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes; No. 4, Benefit Societies and Saving Banks.

WE take some blame to ourselves for not having earlier noticed these little productions, which, to use the legal phrase, "we have perused and approved of." They are very well adapted for that which they profess to teach, namely, a general summary of the several laws relating to the above subjects, written so as to be understood by, and be useful to, the world at large. This, we take it, was the great end which the authors had in view; and the task appears to have been executed with care and fidelity. There may be some dicta in the first No. of this work, to which we should hesitate to pin our faith, such as "taking the law a little into one's own hands," "taking out window-sashes," "unhinging doors," &c. to get rid of refractory tenants: but, with these few drawbacks, the law seems sound and well authenticated; and we think they will be found very useful appendages to the desk of the trader and the counting-house of the merchant: indeed, there are few stations of life in which one or other of these works may not be advantageously referred to.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—A German paper contains a very long letter, addressed to the editor by a M. Antony Bernhard, and dated Munich, 3d July this year, in which he gives an account of an invention, which he has ultimately matured, for raising water or other fluids to any height that can be required for any useful purposes. From this long letter, which would fill about four of your pages, I extract a few passages, which will suffice to give some idea of the nature of the invention, and the pretensions of the inventor. The theory of his invention had long been floating in his mind; but many years were spent in experiments to reduce it to practice. His first apparatus was at length brought to a trial in 1829, at the Grand Surrey Canal, near London. This first public trial produced a result which, *à priori*, had been declared by every body to be impossible; the water being raised to the height of seventy feet in a pipe nine inches in diameter. Owing to defects and imperfections in the first apparatus, the water did not rise in a continuous column but in a few cases, and began again after some minutes' interval; these intervals occurring five or six times in an hour. The mass of water raised each time might be about fifty cubic feet. M. Bernhard declares that he had seen such an apparatus complete by M. Ertel, an eminent mechanician of Munich, by which quicksilver was raised to the height of 13 feet, which, considering the relative specific gravity of water and mercury, is equal to raising water to the height of 175 feet. He is now engaged in erecting an apparatus on a large scale for raising water, which he says will be ready in the next month (i. e. August this year); and that it will

raise 4000 cubic feet of water in an hour to the height of 60 feet.

The problem to be solved was—"To raise water, quicksilver, or any other fluid, without pumps or other mechanical contrivance, to any height required for useful purposes." This problem he has solved as follows:—"By the application of the pressure of the atmosphere, as an acting power, to the fluid to be raised; by the application of heat to produce the expansion, or rarefaction, and thereby a diminution of the specific gravity of the fluid, as the body to be raised; and, lastly, by the production of a vacuum within the apparatus and above the rising column of fluid, to take away the counter pressure."

This invention M. Bernhard says will entirely supersede the steam-engine, which he says he shall be able to prove, as soon as he can make models of the different kinds of apparatus which will be necessary to perform the several functions of steam-engines. M. B. goes into great detail to show that his invention will be attended with a vast saving of expense, time, and labour. He complains that though he has taken great pains to prove by experiments the correctness of his theory to many professors and amateurs of science, and to learned societies in Prussia, England, France, and Bavaria, none of them, or at least very few, have acknowledged its accuracy, and no society has given him any encouragement. He gives, however, the names of several men of rank and learning in Bavaria who attended his experiments, and refers for particulars (among other persons) to F. P. Hooper, Esq. Saville Place, London. H. E. L.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland. From original Paintings by John Fleming; engraved by Joseph Swan. Parts III. and IV. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Two pleasing Parts of this pleasing publication. The lakes illustrated are "Loch Katrine," "Loch Achray," "Loch Vennachair," "Loch Ard," "Loch of Monteth," and "Loch Lubnaig." We think Mr. Swan peculiarly happy in communicating lucidity and fluency to his water; of which the view of "Loch Ard" is a fine proof.

Etchings. By C. Read. Close, Salisbury. WE have lying before us the last two productions of Mr. Read's etching-point. They fully confirm the high opinion which we expressed in a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette*, of that gentleman's taste and feeling.

Embellishments of the Landscape Annual for 1832. Jennings and Chaplin.

WE hail this as the first annual splendour that we have seen of the present season; and to the admirers of picturesque and classic beauty it will, we are persuaded, prove one of the most interesting. We believe, however, that it will not be ready for the public before the month of November. The first and second volumes of this elegant work were devoted to the illustration of Switzerland and Italy; and to Mr. Prout's masterly pencil, exclusively, the publishers resorted for their subjects. With the judicious purpose of imparting variety to their undertaking, they have in the present instance put in requisition the talents of another admirable landscape painter, Mr. Harding, from whose charming drawings the whole of the beautiful prints under our notice have been engraved. They "comprehend," to use the lan-

guage of the address to the public, "views of the richly variegated and picturesque scenery of southern Italy;—Florence, and the banks of the Arno;—the drear but classic ruins around Roman and Tuscan cities;—the romantic lakes and their enchanting vicinity;—Naples, with its majestic Bay, its wild and picturesque coasts; the deep retreats which *Salvator* loved to haunt, and where *Sannazaro* sang his country's strains:—

'La bella contrada
Ch' Appennin parte e l' mar circonda e l' Alpe.'

The plates which embellish the volume, and which are finely executed by Messrs. Allen, Brandard, Fisher, Goodall, Higham, Henshall, Jeavons, Jorden, Miller, Radcliffe, Redaway, W. R. Smith, J. Smith, Varrall, and Willmore, are twenty-six in number, viz.—Milan Cathedral, Interior; Lago Maggiore; Florence, from the Cascine; Ponte Santa Trinita, Florence; Pelago, near Florence; Temple of the Clitumnus; Spoleto; Nepi; Lake of Nemi; Gensano; the Ghigi Palace at L'Arricia; Tivoli, Vignette; Santa Lucia, Naples; Naples, from the Sea; Naples, from the Strada Nuova; Puzzuoli; Puzzuoli, with the Mole of Caligula; Castle and Bay of Baie, Temple of Minerva; Bay of Baie; Castell-a-Mare; Persano; Bridge of Vico; Sorrento, Entrance to; Bay and Plain of Sorrento; Vietri; Cetara.

Where there is so much general excellence, we feel that we are almost guilty of injustice in bestowing particular commendation; but, if we were compelled to say which of these exquisite plates seem to us best calculated to awaken delightful recollection in the minds of those who have visited the original scenes, or to excite an ardent longing to visit them on the part of those who have not been so fortunate, we think we should specify,—“the Bay and Plain of Sorrento,” engraved by E. Goodall; “the Lake and Town of Nemi,” engraved by J. C. Varrall; “the Interior of Milan Cathedral,” engraved by T. Higham; “Santa Lucia, Naples,” engraved by J. E. Allen; “Entrance to Sorrento,” engraved by S. Fisher; “Puzzuoli, with the Mole of Caligula,” engraved by R. Brandard; “Persano,” engraved by W. R. Smith; “the Ghigi Palace at L'Arricia,” engraved by T. Jeavons; “Ponte Santa Trinita, Florence,” engraved by J. Redaway; “Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore,” engraved by W. Miller; “Temple of the Clitumnus,” engraved by H. Jorden; “Gensano,” engraved by J. Smith; “Naples, from the Strada Nuova,” engraved by W. Radcliffe; “Castle and Bay of Baie,” engraved by J. T. Willmore, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HERMIT'S GRAVE.

The days are gone when pilgrims knelt
By sacred spot or shrine;
The cells where saints have lived or died
No more are held divine:
The bough of palm, the scallop shell,
Are signs of faith no more;
The common grave is holy field
As that on Salem's shore.
Yet, when I knew that human knee
Had worn the rock away,
And that here, even at my feet,
Earth hid the righteous clay;
I felt this was no common spot
For any common thought—
The place's own calm sanctity
Within my spirit wrought.
The cave was dark and damp—it spoke
Of penance and of prayer;

Remorse that scarcely dared to hope,
And heavy grief, were there.

But at the entrance was a scene,
Which seemed expressly given
To bring the heart again to earth,
And win it thence to heaven.

For so benign an influence
Was falling from the sky,
And like a blessing on the land
The sunshine seemed to lie.

The long green grass was full of life,
And so was every tree;
On every bough there was a bud,
In every bud a bee.

And life hath such a gladdening power,
Thus in its joy arrayed—
The God who made the world so fair
Must love what he has made.

Fed by the silver rains, a brook
Went murmuring along,
And to its music, from the leaves,
The birds replied in song;

And, white as ever fly grew,
A wilding broom essayed
To fling upon the sunny wave
A transitory shade.

Misty and gray as morning skies,
Mid which their summits stood,
The ancient cliffs encompassed round
The lovely solitude.

It was a scene where faith would take
Lessons from all it saw,
And feel amid its depths that hope
Was God's and Nature's law.

The past might here be wept away—
The future might renew
Its early confidence on high,
When years and sins were few.

Till, in the strength of penitence
To the worst sinner given,
The grave would seem a resting-place
Between this world and heaven.

'Tis but a pious memory
That lingers in this dell,
That human tears, and human prayers,
Have sanctified the cell.

Save for that memory, all we see
Were only some fair scene,
Not linked unto our present time
By aught that e'er had been.

But now a moral influence
Is on that small gray stone;
For who e'er watched another's grave
And thought not of his own,

And felt that all his trust in life
Was leaning on a reed?
And who can hear of prayer and faith
And not confess their need?

If he who sleeps beneath thought years
Of prayer might scarce suffice
To reconcile his God, and win
A birthright in the skies.

What may we hope who hurry on
Through life's tumultuous day,
And scarcely give one little hour
To heaven upon our way?

Thou blessed grave! ah, not in vain
Has been thy presence here,
If it hath wrought in any heart
One higher hope or fear.

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE LEX TALIONIS.

THE recent unhappy occurrence in Scotland, which places a peer of the realm upon trial for a capital offence, reminds us of a circumstance that occurred some years ago in one of the English counties, and which we believe has never appeared in print. One of the officers of a marching regiment, Capt. B., who was quartered in the neighbourhood, was amusing himself by shooting upon the lands of Lord M.; and as it was then a privilege extended without ceremony to all officers, he had not asked permission of the noble lord. His lordship, however, saw the intruder from his drawing-room window, summoned his gamekeeper, and directed him to go instantly and shoot the stranger's two dogs. The man knew the character of his master, and, from his tone and manner, saw that the command must be obeyed. He rode off to the spot, addressed the sportsman, apologised, but said he dared not go back to his lordship with his orders disobeyed. Capt. B. expostulated; but at length, pointing to one of his dogs, requested, as a favour, that the gamekeeper would kill that one first. The shot was fired, and the poor dog fell. Capt. B., who carried a double-barrel gun, instantly advanced, and coolly discharged his piece through the head of the gamekeeper's horse. "Now," said he, addressing the fellow, who was all astonishment and terror, "that is horse for dog; fire again, and it shall be man for dog." The invitation was, of course, declined. "And now," he continued, "go back to your rascally master, describe what you have seen, give him this card, and tell him, that wherever I can find him, in country or in town, I will horsewhip him from that spot to the threshold of his own door." The noble lord was, early the next morning, on his way to London, and did not return to his country residence until Capt. B.'s regiment had been ordered to a distant part of the kingdom.—Correspondent.

DRAMA.

THERE has been nothing worthy of remark in the dramatic world this week. The English Opera is very near its close, and the Haymarket hastening after, about a fortnight later. *John Jones*, i. e. Mathews, played by Farren, is imitatively good, and obtains the general applause so perfect a personation justly merits. At Drury Lane, Mr. Martin's brutes from Paris have arrived; and *Hyder Ali* is forthwith to be produced, for their bestial performances. We hear that there is much growling among the three lions, the bear, and the tiger. The actors who were wont to play beasts, either wholesale or retail, have struck and remonstrated. They sent a letter to the treasurer declaring they would not be Dunn; to which a reply was, after a consultation, written by the Bos Constrictor, in which it was stated, that in the event of any opposition or disturbance, the oldest Lion was entrusted to eat A. Bunn. The Kangaroo is expected to fill its pouch, and the Pelican its bag. The Llama takes the range of tragedy; as the trial of Miss F. Kemble at the other house. The six Monkeys have been studying *Harley* for activity, &c., and the six Paroquets have talked all the actresses out of the green-room, so that they may now be had any where.

VARIETIES.

Statuary.—The *Windsor Express* relates, that the bronze horse cast for the statue of George III. in Windsor Great Park, has been

broken, beyond the help of repair, by the overturning of the truck in which it was being conveyed to its destination. So much for a want of care and regulation in the truck system.

Tiles of Distinction!!—A northern paper (the *Inverness Journal*) calls David Wilkie "the Scotch *Salvator Rosa*." Upon what ground, the deponent, sayeth not.

German Teaching.—We hear from our foreign correspondent much eulogium on Professor Baron de Fabek's new method of teaching the German language, as combining both clearness and rapidity. If he is successful in England as he has been on the continent, the result will be fortunate for the admirers of that most interesting but difficult language.

Anecdote of the late Mr. Northcote.—One day Sir W. Knighton called upon the veteran, (to whose friendship he had been much indebted before his distinguished connexion with his late Majesty), and asked him: "What do you know of the Prince Regent?" "Nothing," said Northcote; "what should I?" "Why he knows you very well," said Knighton. "Who says so?" "Himself." "Pooh!" said Northcote; "it is only his brag."

Coronation Service.—The greater part of the prayers used in the Queen's coronation are found in the coronation of Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, who married Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred, king of the West Saxons, A.D. 856. So that 25 years only are wanting to complete 1000 years since they have been appropriated to an English queen.—*Silver on the Anglo-Saxon Coronation Service.*

Decline of Science.—The writer of the pamphlet on the Decline of Science in England, which we reviewed in our last No., is Dr. Moll of Utrecht. We may again thank him, on this personal introduction, for the justice he has done to our national character.

Goethe.—A correspondent tells us, that the lines we have ascribed to Goethe (the last two *Literary Gazette*), are in reality the production of Maucroix, at the age of 80, and only copied by the celebrated German poet. Maucroix was a poet and historian of some note, born at Noyon, 1619.

Sir W. Scott.—Our illustrious countryman is, we learn, about to take a trip to the Mediterranean, in H. M. S. *Barham*. We have conversed with a friend who dined with him within the last week in Edinburgh, and we rejoice to hear that he was in good health and spirits.

How to save Shoes.—In these days of reform and retrenchment, it is not uncommon or strange that people should bethink themselves of lessening expenses in a domestic way, and discuss the modes as ardently as our congressmen. Not long since, these were the topics of discussion by some half-dozen rubicund-visaged politicians assembled at a country bar-room. Each one told his story of *saving*, spun out to an inordinate length, and many were the *wonderments* of the assembly, that they met with such good success in their experiments. At length it came to the turn of a quizzical, funny old genius, who had hitherto remained silent, to tell his tale. "Two years since," said he, "I bought me a new pair of *cow-hide shoes*; put them on, gave them a thorough *greasing*, placed them away, and let them remain six months. I then put them on again, and have not yet chased a pair of shoes since, and they are now nearly as good as new." "Wonderful!" said one of the group; "how did you make them last so long?" "Why, I wore *boots*."—*American.*

The Es-Dey of Algiers.—Hussein dined the other day with the president of the council, at Paris. He was accompanied by a single servant, who did not leave him during the repast. In the morning he sent a message to the president to request that his cook might be admitted into the kitchen to prepare his dinner. The president consented; and Hussein's cook arrived with a couple of live fowls, which he plunged into boiling water, after having cut off their heads and feet. These fowls, thus dressed, and served up with boiled rice, composed the whole of the dey's dinner. In the midst of the brilliant set-out of the ministerial table, this modest dish looked like the emblem of fallen power. Hussein affected great disdain for all the succulent culinary compositions under which the table groaned; but it is just to add, that M. Perier's other guests had no appearance of longing for the boiled fowls of this "barbarian, who did not know how to make a good dinner."—*Temper.*

Societies of Fine Arts.—A Society has been formed at Prague, under the auspices of the Emperor of Austria. Its object is, "to purchase the most successful productions of living native artists, and by this means to incite those artists to activity; and to promote a more extended taste for the fine arts among the public at large." The mode proposed for effecting this excellent purpose is simple enough. The Society consists of an unlimited number of members, whose only qualification is the contribution of a yearly subscription of eight shillings. With the fund thus raised, the committee, appointed by the members, is to purchase, as far as their resources permit, a selection of the works exhibited annually by the Royal Academy; preference being given to the efforts of indigent and unpromised merit. It will also be at the discretion of the committee to direct works so purchased to be engraved or lithographed. A member may pay two or more yearly subscriptions of eight shillings, and for each of them he is entitled to two or more tickets, in the distribution, by lottery, which the committee directs to be made at convenient periods. We have been informed, that institutions of a corresponding character exist in other continental cities, and that they have proved not only a source of high gratification to the associates, but inestimably useful in bringing forward artists of talent, who, in all human probability, would not, otherwise, have been included among the chosen few through whose penury the genial ray of public patronage would have penetrated. We see no reason why such an institution should not equally prosper under our own sky. It would do honour to the generous feelings and expanding taste of our fellow-countrymen.

Impromptu, ascribed to Mr. Croker, on Lord John Russell's complaining that the attendance on the Reform Bill had hurt his health:

Jack and Bill brought in a bill
To breed a Revolution;
Bill fell down and cracked his Crown,
And Jack his Constitution.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement*, No. XXXIX, Sept. 24.]

Italy's Romantic Annals are to form the subject of the new series of the *Romance of History*, by Charles Macfarlane, Esq.

The ancient Scotch metrical Romance of Sir Gawyn and the Grene Knyzt, from a unique MS. preserved in the British Museum, by Frederic Madden, Esq. F.S.A. &c. The Geographical Annual for 1832 is announced for publication, uniform with the larger Annals, and to contain engravings of all the states, kingdoms, and empires, throughout the world.

The London Manual of Medical Chymistry: comprising an interlinear verbal translation of the Pharmacopœia,

with extensive Chemical, Botanical, Therapeutical, and Pædogogical Notes, &c. by W. Maughan, Surgeon. A Familiar Compendium of the Law of Husband and Wife, in Two Parts.

The False Step, a Novel, is about to appear; and the Biblical Cabinet Atlas is nearly completed.

A Dictionary of Quotations from various Authors, in Ancient and Modern Languages, with English Translations, &c. by Hugh Moore, Esq.

The History, Topography, and Antiquities, of Framingham, compiled from the best Authorities, by R. Green. Wilson's American Ornithology, with the continuation by C. L. Bonaparte; together with an Enumeration and Description of the newly discovered Species not included in the original works, and copious Notes, by Sir William Jardine, Bart.

The Author of "Gertrude" will shortly produce her new novel, the Affiliated One.

The fifth volume of the Winter's Wreath, for 1832, with engravings, &c. by celebrated Artists.

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The Chameleon, an Album of Original Pieces, by Mr. Atkinson the publisher.

A volume of poetry, Pictures of the Past, is announced by Mr. Brydson.

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The Comic Offering, edited by Miss Sheridan, is to be embellished with upwards of sixty humorous designs by various comic artists, with facetious contributions by several writers.

And another new Annual, illustrated from drawings by Prout, under the title of the Continental Annual, is forthcoming, uniform in size with his Landscape Annual. The literary department, under the superintendence of Mr. William Kennedy, is to consist of romantic tales.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mémoires et Souvenirs du Comte Lavallette, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. sewed. — The Hexandrian Plants, No. I. 21s. sewed. — Standard Novels, No. VIII. Scottish Chiefs, Vol. I. 6s. bds. — Hilton's America, Vol. I. 4to. 3s. 6d. bds. — India paper, 2s. 6d. bds. — Polytechnic Library, Vol. I. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds. — Analogies of Organised Beings, by J. L. Duncan, 8vo. 5s. bds. — Renell's Comparative Geography of Western Asia, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 4s. bds. — Atlas to ditto, 4to. 11s. 10s. bds. — Renell's Geographical Illustration of Xenophon, 4to. Maps, 21s. bds. — On the Geography of Troy, 4to. 7s. 6d. bds. — National Library, Vol. XII. Lives of Celebrated Travellers, 18mo. 6s. bds. — The Smuggler, by the author of "Tales by the O'Hara Family," 3 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 15	From 49. to 65.	30.02 to 30.10
Friday .. 16	— 49. — 63.	30.14 — 30.16
Saturday .. 17	— 47. — 64.	30.16 — 30.13
Sunday .. 18	— 47. — 67.	30.10 — 30.00
Monday .. 19	— 42. — 65.	29.90 — 29.76
Tuesday .. 20	— 39. — 61.	29.81 — 29.62
Wednesday .. 21	— 31. — 63.	29.75 — 29.90

Wind variable, N.W. and S.W. prevailing. Except the 15th, 20th, and afternoon of the 21st, generally cloudy; rain in the evening of the 19th and 20th, and morning of the 21st.

Rain fallen, .45 of an inch.

Latitude .. 51° 37' 32" N. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Longitude .. 0 31 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

What can we do? We have given our own opinion upon the work mentioned in the following: are we not good-natured critics to give also the opinions of the author and his friends?

Sir,—After the very favourable reception which 'my little work, the Trip to Paris, had received from other editors, highly talented, and therefore highly respectable, I was surprised to find that you had taken such an unfavourable notice of it. I am aware it does not rise above mediocrity on the scale of literature; but when it has been highly complimented by men of respectability, not only editors of periodicals, but by the liberal and enlightened senator to whom it is dedicated, I repeat that I am surprised to find that you should raise such objections to the work. You complain of your time; had your time been so precious, why devote it to me? I am sorry to have troubled you, and shall be careful not to trouble you again. Do not think I am a bad spirit—I trust I write as a Christian, and feel no resentment towards you, but really forgive you; but must confess you have treated me rather uncourtly. Yours, respectfully,
T. S. ALLEN.

Sept. 10, 1831.
We can no longer complain of a scarcity of new publications, as the variety and extent of our Review this week will testify. From this, and the multitude of announcements, we trust we may hail a revived activity in the book trade.

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